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The Seven Devils of Science, by Henshaw Ward, on page 710

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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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"Whan that Aprille—"

SPRING in MacDougal Street—while the rest of New York said "it's warm today" and went about its business—MacDougal Street before the intellectuals and the speakeasies had reduced the Italian temperature to a northern average, children sprouting like crocuses from the pavements, windows blossoming with plump bosoms swelling like tropic bulbs, street cries shrilling an octave higher, the sidewalks spilling strollers into the sunny street, the old lilacs in the Charlton street backyards putting out a bud or two, cats and white poodles stretching in the gutters, and little girls in white holding hands on their way to first communion.

Spring in England is too gentle and delaying. The same snow drop hangs for days in a gentle mist that is neither warm or cold, and the hedgerows, once they are successfully green, give no more thought to summer but settle into a pale adolescence in which the rush and promise of change is lost.

Spring in New England is too harsh. It hides beneath dead leaves, breaks in dusty gales or untimely freezes, looks always toward the north, and its wind has an edge up to the brink of summer heat. It takes the hardiness of a Thoreau to find it, because when Spring emerges from its woolens and the apples bloom, it is no longer really Spring, which must be sought with nipped ears and numbed hands in the skunk cabbage swamp or in the pale dappled sunlight of the hepatica slope. Poets have done much for the New England Spring just because it is so elusive. The hounds of Winter are always on its traces, and one sees it plain just as it disappears down the maw of a blazing June.

Spring in California must be a fireworks show—down dropping rockets of rain followed by a burst of green fire spangled with red and yellow stars. Spring in the Carolinas is a sun festival. No wildflowers there on the baking pine needles, but such a change as the rattler makes when he breaks through his old skin and renews his colors, but in the trees above there are wreaths of yellow jasmine and sprays of red bud. It is the trees that are fecund in the Southern Spring and not the sods.

* * *

Spring in the deep northern forests is known to few, but you can follow it long after its season by pushing up the steep slope of an Adirondack peak or a ridge of the Green Mountains until birch and maple give way to spruce, and leaves to moss, in which mayflowers and hepatica are still blooming. Above four thousand feet Spring yields only to Autumn.

Spring is late too in the Southern Appalachians, but this is such a Spring as only an unobservant literature would have left in the primitive innocence of all natural phenomena that have never been touched by a high imagination. Those splendid forests, alas now too widely shorn, respond to the Southern sun with a virginal fire of palest lemon azalea running tiptoe through the woods, and warming to burning orange, that goes out just as the pink laurel and the rose bay kindle among leaves shining like polished cordovan leather.

But the best Spring of all (so many say) is in the mild inter latitudes of the Brandywine valley. There that lovely stream flows south to meet it between meadows turning blue with Quaker ladies, rippling under red feathered maples, past promontories nodding with blue bells and jacks in pulpit, and into woods where white violets are common and the yellow dog-tooth crowds the borders of trickling contributory streams. Spring there is neither lusty nor indolent, neither Puritan nor mountaineer, creole nor bouncing bet, but reminiscent of that Spring which in Greek poetry first became timeless, and so an immortal.

Definitive Spring

By HILDEGARDE FLANNER

WHEN light revolves about the given green
And so makes vernal lustre,
The freesia on a line oblique
Divides her ivory cluster.
all men adore the spring

The sap that spirals in the steady bough,
The emerald prism splitting on the tree,
The soft andante bird now faster singing
Move all to one velocity.
and men adore

Behold the holy cypher of the spring
Exact and secret on each tatooed flower,
And hark the meadow-lark capsized with music,
And toppling loud upon his vaporous tower.

All men adore, all men adore the spring,
Even a plain leaf trinketed with rain,
Even the tree-toad's cabalistic murmur,
Equation between mystery and disdain.

All men adore. O spring, O heavenly matter,
Made ponderable and clear to mortal eyes,
Shedding your beauty tangent to this earth,
Spring, O radiant and vertical, arise!

This Week

"The Beginning of Critical Realism in America."
Reviewed by NORMAN FOERSTER.

"Jungle Ways."
Reviewed by C. BEVERLEY BENSON.

"Grass Roof."
Reviewed by LADY HOSIE.

"Wordsworth."
Reviewed by GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

"The Forge."
Reviewed by ROBERT HERRICK.

The Red and White Girdle. II.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

The Contemporary and His Soul.
By IRWIN EDMAN.

American Letters, 1860—

By NORMAN FOERSTER
University of Iowa

IT was my unhappy privilege to receive one of the last letters written by Vernon Louis Parrington, whose sudden death in June, 1929, was a serious blow to scholarship in American literary history. In this letter, as I now recall with compunction, Professor Parrington promised to contribute to one of our learned journals, despite his eager labors toward the completion of his "Main Currents in American Thought." Similarly, the year before, the year in which the first two volumes of this work were awarded the Pulitzer Prize in History, I found him willing to turn from his goal in order to write a chapter on "The Development of Realism" for a collaborative book on "The Reinterpretation of American Literature." This chapter, virtually an outline of Professor Parrington's third volume, prevented, I am afraid, the writing of one of the many chapters lacking when the third volume finally appeared.* I set down these facts because they reveal, in a particularly poignant manner, the evil effects of our tendency, in American scholarship, to multiply short articles and stray notes at the expense of the writing of important books. Writers capable of better things all too often fritter away their few years of mature insight and erudition in random productivity. In some cases a misguided scientific zeal causes them even to make a sort of cult of the impregnable article, in full panoply of documentation, as opposed to the ambitious but not quite perfect book, especially if the book smacks of the "literary." Parrington was wiser in his conception of scholarship. Contented with a certain obscurity, he labored year after year, quietly and earnestly, upon a single great task, and waited till he was more than two-thirds done before giving his results to the world. It is an ironic circumstance that he, of all our scholars, should have been cut down in the height of his powers.

* * *

As I have ventured to point out elsewhere, it is a little strange that the Pulitzer Prize in History should have been won by a professor of English. As soon as this happened, Parrington was in request as a reviewer of new books in the field of American history. Like many of our students of literature, he showed a tendency to abandon his subject. Despite his interest in architecture and painting, despite the fact that "he wrote poetry distinguished for restraint in expression and clarity of form" (revealed in an interesting appreciation of Parrington by E. H. Eby in the new volume), Parrington expressed something profounder in his nature when he attacked, in his first volume, the "exaggerated regard for esthetic values" on the part of previous historians of American letters, whom he conceived as having "labored under too heavy a handicap of the genteel tradition . . . to enter sympathetically into a world of masculine intellects and material struggles." Subscribing to a curious modern heresy, he regarded the *belles lettres* "a daintier fare" suitable only for women, and polemics as the "old-fashioned beef and puddings" suitable for manly men. Certainly there were sturdy masculine artists in the ancient world and in the Renaissance who thought otherwise. And yet, if Parrington did drift away from his professed calling, if he reached a point of view from which a writer

* THE BEGINNINGS OF CRITICAL REALISM IN AMERICA, 1860-1920. Vol. 3 of Main Currents in American Thought. By VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1930. $4.

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like Poe was irrelevant because Poe was remarkable neither as a Hamiltonian nor as a Jeffersonian, the fact remains that he attained no uncertain distinction in his new calling as historian of American thought, above all political thought. We may say even more. In adopting the faith of liberalism and applying it to all his vast materials, he was not merely inviting the applause of liberals and the hostility of non-liberals, but illustrating one of the prime virtues of historical scholarship: the use of an interpretative idea capable of giving shape and significance to the story. Personally, I do not happen to be a liberal, at least in the current senses of the word, but I trust I am not blind to the fact that a history written from the liberal point of view is incomparably better than one written from no point of view at all.

* * *

The subject of "Main Currents in American Thought," as Professor Eby puts it, is "the adventures of American liberalism." As the reader may recall, the first volume culminated in "the overthrow of the principles of monarchy and aristocracy and the setting up of the principle of republicanism." The deepest faith of the time, essentially in harmony, as Parrington believed, with the ideas of Rousseau, held "that a juster, more wholesome social order should take the place of the existing obsolete system; that reason and not interests should determine social institutions; that the ultimate ends to be sought were universal liberty, equality, and fraternity." With the "humanitarian philosophy" of France we are to contrast the English "philosophy of *laissez faire*, based on the assumed universality of the acquisitive instinct." The one is the philosophy of Jefferson; the other, of Hamilton. The one is the philosophy of agrarianism; the other, of capitalism.

In the second volume, 1800-1860, Jackson supplants Jefferson. He quickened "the minds of ardent Americans with larger democratic aspirations. The noble idealism of successive third parties that have sprung up reasserted the democratic principles flouted by the major parties. The Locofoco movement, the Free-soil Party, the early Republican party, the Greenback Party, the Populist Party, the Progressive Party, have had a common objective, namely to ry further the movement inaugurated by the Jefsonians to make of America a land of democratic ıality and opportunity." As the title of the second ..ume indicates, 1800-1860 was the period of "The Romantic Revolution," when sundry alluring ideals, in politics, in economics, in literature, and so forth were eagerly offered. "The common adventure led into unexplored fields; and the final outcome for which it was all preparing was the emergence of a new middle class that in the succeeding half century was to subdue America to middle-class ends."

This brings us to the third, the new volume. "The theme of the present volume," says the author,

> is the industrialization of America under the leadership of the middle class, and the consequent rise of a critical attitude towards the ideals and handiwork of that class. It concerns itself primarily with the spirit of realism that under the constrictions of industrialism and with the spread of scientific modes of thought emerged to question the ardent romanticisms of an earlier age, and bring under doubt the excellence of the social order created by the Industrial Revolution.

In an outline for a chapter never written, Parrington sums up the adventures of liberalism since 1870 by stating three attitudes toward democracy.

> (1) It has been achieved but the machine needs closer attention—civil service reform; (2) It has not been achieved because of the Constitution, but it must be achieved through remodeling political machinery; (3) No intelligent person desires it to be achieved.

Bitter, indeed, is the last stage in the great adventure. "The philosophy of Jefferson and John Taylor, with its physiocratic bias, its antipathy to a money economy, its love of local autonomy, has been buried in the potter's field."

* * *

It is a great pity that Parrington could not bring his monumental task to completion. In his account of the ever increasing darkness from the Civil War to the present, approximately one half is missing, and the missing sections are scattered throughout the volume. Most of the literary figures prior to the twentieth century, however, are here; among them Walt Whitman, the most important of all from Parrington's point of view. He is represented as "the completest embodiment of the Enlightenment—the poet and prophet of a democracy that the America of the Gilded Age was daily betraying." In him the Jeffersonian heritage was spiritualized by New England transcendentalism, even though he was worlds away from the genteel tradition that was the curse of Boston. "The most deeply religious soul that American literature knows," he gave new meaning and cogency to the romantic hopes of democracy. The mean tendencies of Jacksonian individualism were washed away by his "noble conception," which, adding fraternity to liberty and equality, restored the "golden Trinity" of the eighteenth century and filled the faith of democracy with a "glowing humanism." As a prophet, however, Whitman was unhappily wanting: "The great hopes on which he fed have been belied by after events—so his critics say; as the great hopes of the Enlightenment have been belied. Certainly in this welter of today, with science become the drab and slut of war and industrialism, with sterile money-slaves instead of men, Whitman's expansive hopes seem grotesque enough. Democracy may indeed be only a euphemism for the rulership of fools." Retaining a modicum of hope, Parrington concludes his study by asserting that Whitman will always speak to generations—unlike our own?—not wholly devil or wholly moron.

* * *

In Parrington's view of the progress of American thought, the wheel has now come full circle. The story began with pessimism, the pessimism of Calvinism, passed through optimism, the optimism of romanticism, and now ends in pessimism, the pessimism of mechanism. "Faith in machinery came to supersede faith in man; the Industrial Revolution submerged the hopes of the French Revolution. And now we have fallen so low that our faith in justice, progress, the potentialities of human nature, the excellence of democracy, is stricken with pernicious anemia, and even faith in the machine is dying. Only science remains to take the place of the old romantic creed, and science with its psychology and physics is fast reducing man to a complex bundle of glands, at the mercy of a mechanistic universe." Writing in or before 1928, Parrington could comfort himself with the spirit of revolt that permeated American letters in the 'twenties. Even that satisfaction would be denied him today, when a new spirit of revolt, quite different from that of the skeptical 'twenties, is arising. Parrington could hardly have been sympathetic with this new spirit, which is opposing the ideas of the past decade along with some of those eighteenth century ideas to which he had been staunchly devoted.

* * *

For we are at least beginning to see, I think, that the liberal ideology and emontionality which we have inherited from the eighteenth century do not provide a real remedy for the problems brought before us by science and industrialism. We cannot restore our faith in man by going back to the ideas of the French Revolution. Those ideas, with their emphasis on a most dubious natural goodness, on natural rights rather than duties, on the need of reforming the environment rather than the individual, are now suspect as part of our malady. In practice, the golden trinity of liberty, equality, and fraternity worked hand in hand with industrialism and science toward the creation of a quantitative conception of life. It was all a matter of extending the opportunity of material well-being to more and more people. Now that material well-being has been made accessible to a vast number of people, in America at least, we are suddenly become aware that the pursuit of material well-being is not precisely the same as "the pursuit of happiness." We are also aware that a society that has attained a large measure of material comfort cannot build upon this basis a fine state of culture without introducing a new set of controlling ideas. And we are inclined to suspect that this new set of ideas will be one denying the assumptions of the civilization that produced the comfort. A continuation of our quantitative conception of life cannot be expected ever to produce a qualitative culture. What we need today, it appears, is the rediscovery of the inner life. Perhaps we shall not fully wake to this need till the chain stores have mechanized even retail trade, and all our farms (so dear to the agrarian Parrington) are in the hands of dividend-paying corporations, and a fresh series of mechanical toys has been invented for the enrichment of our leisure. If so, the rediscovery of the inner life will come with revolutionary suddenness. The longer it is delayed, the greater will be the possibility of a sudden lurch into a new Middle Ages, sweeping away in its advance the real as well as the unreal achievements of the past hundred and fifty years.

Would You?

JUNGLE WAYS. By WILLIAM B. SEABROOK. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by C. BEVERLEY BENSON

"YOU do not understand. That man is to be poisoned." Would you take any action if that remark greeted your offer of refreshment to one of your companions of a merry evening? If you were a spectator at a trial by poison, would you partake of the cup just to prove *something* to yourself? Would you have a naked virgin bury an egg at the foot of a sacred tree to insure your safe passage through the forest? Would you permit your face and hands to be bathed in the sacramental blood of a dying goat to guarantee your good faith? Would you allow the appearance of a chicken's entrails to determine whether you would start on a dangerous journey? Would you—Well, gentle reader, ". . . . tap on wood, walk under a ladder, light three cigarettes with one match, throw your handful of rice at the bride, and tell me that I am crazy."

Would you accept the idea that your study of the occult, the mysterious, the magic, would be furthered if you could induce a witch doctor to accompany you into the jungle? Would you carry on if the witch doctor suggested his cousin instead, and the cousin turned out to be a "handsome, young female creature, scantily clad"? And if you did, would you leave your wife behind at the administrator's headquarters? And if the handsome young witch insisted upon taking charge of your expedition, even to the extent of sharing your tent, would you push on into the jungle?

The extent to which one should—or would—go in carrying on a strictly scientific research into cannibalism raises a nice point of etiquette as well as of scientific procedure. I am sure that my curiosity would stop far short of Mr. Seabrook's, but would yours? I am not sure that I would insist upon seeing a ceremony of impaling a child upon a sword, especially when I was assured that the child sometimes failed to recover. Nor would I be keen upon wandering alone about Timbuctu at night without a light to win a bottle of—well, anything. I have slept under the spell of the African moon, but without a large following, I am in doubt as to how far I should force a chief who plainly indicated his determination that I was not to witness a phallic ritual. I am not sure, dear reader, what *you* would do; and I have my doubts about what Mr. Seabrook *actually* did. But here is a book that you will hate to lay down. It gives details where others give vague suggestions. It will make you smile, it will make you start, it certainly will shock you—but you will finish it.

Arnold Bennett

WITH the death of Arnold Bennett we lose a personality as well as a novelist. Brusque, outspoken, witty, tremendously keen on living, he was the symbol and perhaps the peak of middle class dominance in literature. To Americans he seemed more American than English. His rasping voice, his hearty manners, his lack of reticence, his aggressive personality, his shrewd kindliness, belonged to his Midlands origin but were not what they expected of the genus English author. But they understood his gusto for comfort in living. No booster for the Statler chain, no celebrant of Crane bathrooms or tiled and mechanized barber shops ever reached the heights of his gilded imagination. He was an incarnation of the spirit of the bourgeoisie exulting in the luxury which industrialism has made possible for the plain man. Not that he was a parvenu. His taste, except in clothes, was excellent; it was his gusto that distinguished him. And it was his gusto, plus the power of minute observation of which he boasted, that made him, occasionally, a great novelist, and nearly always a good one. His few really important novels—"The Old Wives Tale," "Clayhanger," and perhaps "Imperial Palace"—got their quality from this faculty of reporting life with such keenness and such evident enjoyment, but their distinction came from something deeper. The man had a singularly kind heart under his brusqueness. He did not make the mistake of so many modern realists who have been content to show life coolly as it seems to be, since his gusto was for human nature as much as for wines and for hotel suites. It cannot be said that he created many great

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characters, but all of his characters have sensibility and, like their creator, are emotionally alive. In spite of the opulent scenes into which he loved to bring them, they are nearly always commonplace people, raised above the interest level by some talent, some intense desire, and a faculty for experience. Like the novels of Sinclair Lewis, his best books will be invaluable for the writers of our social history. They record what is always so significant in the lives of the everyday people who make a civilization, if not a culture—their wants.

As a critic, Arnold Bennett was too generous. He was always discovering genius where there was only energy. He was too good a journalist to be a first-rate artist. But as the kind of novelist that a good journalist becomes, we shall not soon see his like again.

H. S. C.

A Voice from Korea

THE GRASS ROOF. By YOUNGHILL KANG. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by LADY HOSIE

Author of "Portrait of a Chinese Lady"

THE birth of the world is the greatest event in our generation: so says Professor de Madariaga cogently in his latest book. Steam and iron and growing international trade have forged links that are welding the earth, East and West, into such an economic entity as we have not yet realized. The West has been the insurgent force, the East the more passive agent in this tremendous vitalizing interpenetration during the last two centuries. The religious people of the West have also served towards this end, and been spiritually enriched thereby, sometimes despite themselves. In the mental realm, owing to the extraordinary fluidity and expansion of the English language, the East, especially of late, has been enjoying the benefits—or reverse—of our most intimate thinking and psychological experimentations.

Now there is a certain cautious reserve in mankind which bids most people beware of uttering their entire minds; and this instinct of self-preservation went perhaps deeper in the Orient than the Occident with its more careless speech. The Oriental was prepared to listen to us first before he gave himself away; if indeed, he bothered himself at all with our opinion of his doings, for he was the sought-after, not the seeker. Presently, however, his natural pride was stung by what he considered defamation of his charter by foreign observers who could write only of his obvious and perhaps less agreeable habits, for he showed no others to them. To be sure, yet other foreigners wrote more soothingly, as if he had no faults at all, and idealized him as the most exquisitely spiritual and sensitive soul in the world. He was puzzled and disconcerted at such indiscrimination: and nobody felt satisfied. Thus there came a school of writers trying honestly to interpret a foreign nation to their own people, and in such ways that the protagonist of the portrait could feel that here was a just criticism, there a deserved meed of credit, and through all a gripping understanding of common human problems, aspirations, and failures. The method must not be too much that of dissection or scalpel. A man may fairly "babbitize" his own fellow-countrymen but not with courtesy those of another race. There must be a certain liking, or warmth of emotion—that sweet stir of the red corpuscles which we vaguely call sympathy, and which Professor Soothill in the sutra of Buddhism, "The Lotus of the Wonderful Law," translates as "the compassionate heart dwelling within all living beings." Professor André Siegfried has in such fashion tried to portray America and England. Edward Thompson and Yeats-Brown have given us India. Pearl Buck this year has made us feel the earth-hunger of the Chinese peasant.

* * *

Today we have before us "The Grass Roof," by Younghill Kang, a Korean, and it is an interesting, exciting account of his youth and manhood; in his home, at school, and in the bitter struggles of an adolescence spent among the alien Japanese. The first half, true pictures of old Korea and of his family circle, will probably charm and interest more than the second with its *sturm und drang*. Koreans have the reputation of being a gentlemanly, easy-going race, and Mr. Kang's story confirms this. His delightful family pictures bear the stamp of truth. His sidelights make a lover of the East smile in tender recollection, and explain scenes only half understood before, such as the chronological groupings of the family even in play. There is the father, the oldest brother of the family, and therefore naturally and without hesitation slaving to feed and clothe and shelter not only his own offspring and his mother, but his two younger brothers and their brood—all under one patriarchial "grass roof." Of these two younger brothers, uncles to our biographer, one was a "crazy-poet" sublimely indifferent to material facts, lovable, and venerated by the locality for the delicacy of the verse which he produced at the crucial moments of joy or sorrow. The other brother was almost as endearing: a "prodigal-son uncle" who gadded about the countryside and ran up debts and was the first to wear a modish foreign hat. Not even his "late" marriage at twenty-one, arranged by his oldest brother could check his butterfly insouciance. Still it seemed hard when the father had to go into hiding at the New Year festivities, lest he be seized by the creditors for "prodigal-uncle's" debts. Kindly old grandmothers are evidently the same the world over. There is a delicious scene where Mr. Kang's grandmother waged effective war with the mother-in-law on the other side of the distaff who came to upbraid—but was routed. Her daughter was the aunt who could "manufacture babies" but was no use at anything else, so that the family leaned on the other aunt who did not possess that talent but had every other desirable in a housekeeper.

Mr. Kang has a true poet's love of the country, and his pages breathe the happiness of field and flower and garnered crop, of boyish games in the open, and the smell of wood fires. It is a tremendous achievement that he should have written this lengthy book in lucid English; and so excellently that a few unconscious jerks and jars of very modern American slang only add naivety to the candor of his tale.

WORDSWORTH
From "The Maclise Portrait Gallery."

The second half of the book begins with the Japanese absorption of Korea into her Empire—and is painful reading. Those of us who travelled in Korea in those years know that Mr. Kang's accusations of inhumanity have foundation. One queries how the Japanese with their centuries of chivalry arrived at such a state of mind in those years. During the Great War, they alone of all the armed nations were not called upon to face the worst realities of warfare. Does the mere possession of weapons induce their ultimate use? At any rate, Mr. Kang's narrative makes plain why the Japanese Government held the Korean Christian Church as politically suspect. Mr. Kang does not, I think, give a fair account of American missionaries. Doubtless these are blundering human beings, like the rest of us. He accuses them of lack of education, yet he longed ardently to come to their country for the kind of education they receive. He was desperately eager to receive the benefit of their escort to the America of his desiring, and had no compunction when their religious meetings were used as a political cloak. He should also gratefully remember that it was American missionaries who first made the world aware of Japan's former policy in Korea, now happily reversed.

Mr. Kang is, however, on sure ground when he gives us Korea and Koreans. His book is a real contribution to literature and to our understanding of his countrymen and women. His little girl cousin, Ok-Dong-Ya, wins our hearts. After one frenzied burst for freedom and American education, marriage and babies claimed her. She and her fellows live and toil in Korea still. One hopes that her babies will be as enterprising and determined as that obvious hero of her heart, Mr. Kang himself.

The Man and the Poet

WORDSWORTH. By HERBERT READ. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER

Princeton University

TWENTY years ago, when travelers through the Lake Country sat on the top of a bright yellow stage-coach drawn by four stout horses, Old John the driver, in his red coat, always pulled up in front of Rydal Mount and pointed to a rock "where Mr. Wordsworth used to sit and write his poetry." Five minutes later, if the coach was northward bound, for Grasmere and Keswick, he would merely flick his whip at Dove Cottage and whirl past that humble dwelling at a gallop. Old John represented pretty fairly the popular idea about Wordsworth at that time. Since then, there has been a change; the centre of attraction is now Dove Cottage, where the poet lived in early manhood, vividly and bravely, and the number of visitors to this once-neglected shrine approaches 25,000 annually, while Rydal Mount, his home from 1813 till his death, in 1850, scarcely receives the attention it deserves. This reversal of mere curiosity is symbolical, if not indicative, of what has happened in the sphere of criticism, and this in its turn is the direct result of biographical research and readjustment.

The Wordsworth whom the nineteenth century admired and thought it knew was the prematurely old man who lived at Rydal Mount, a very great poet always, but valued also for his conservative and even reactionary opinions on politics and religion. People spoke and wrote confidently about "Wordsworth's philosophy"; Matthew Arnold and a host of lesser critics so spoke and wrote. Only two miles away, however, Dove Cottage was patiently awaiting its turn, and today the world knows that there were two Wordsworths, the earlier one a radical in opinion and a much greater poet than the later. It is no longer proper to speak of "the philosophy of Wordsworth" without expressly stating which "Wordsworth" one means.

* * *

Mr. Read's book is the result of a perception of this fact. It is composed of lectures which he delivered last year at Cambridge University. Certain annoying obscurities and illogicalities, especially in the first chapter, may be due to an unconscious reliance upon vocal emphasis for which no compensation has been provided. Yet his main thesis is sufficiently clear. Accepting the view that there are two Wordsworths, he does not separate them chronologically, but rather synchronously, making it appear that there existed from a very early period a Man and a Mask. Of what highly developed person, especially one much in the public eye, could this not be said? Mr. Read, of course, does not deny that Wordsworth the hopeful Revolutionist ceased to exist in the transition years between 1802 and 1808, giving place to Wordsworth the timid Conservative. There are a few critics, like Professor C. H. Herford and Mr. John Bailey, who persist in thinking that he was always "really" a Conservative or "really" a Radical; but Mr. Read is not one of them. To put the matter briefly, though perhaps a little too grossly, he would have us believe that poetry is the product of sense-perceptions—he says "sensuality,"—and that where "the meddling intellect" intervenes or where morality determines the purpose, there must be a loss. He even seems to assert, though in another place he seems just as much to deny, that a poet's personality is separable from his art.

These are some of Mr. Read's logical inconsistencies, already referred to. Upon this unsound basis of extreme theory, and giving far too much weight to certain remarks of Hazlitt and DeQuincey, he builds the superstructure of his book, namely that Wordsworth was a man of uncommonly strong animal passions, which is true, that his imagination and everything connected with it, was profoundly aroused by his love for Annette Vallon, which is very true, and that he spent the rest of his life in a desperate attempt to conceal and annul the psychological effects of this passion, which is exceedingly doubtful. Defending this general thesis with abundant information, deep insight, and considerable eloquence, Mr. Read overlooks or underestimates many elements of Wordsworth's power and also of his weakness. Wordsworth's original gift of the seeing eye, his inherent preference for simplicity and genuineness in human character, his conviction of the truth of the Revolutionary principles, his wrestling with Godwinian doctrines; and then the disillusion-

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ment caused by France's submission to Napoleon, the mellowing influence of time and sorrow and numerous human contacts; the temptation to accept things as they are;—all these are minimized by Mr. Read. It was, for the success of their fame, perhaps fortunate for Shelley and Keats and Byron that they died young. Sainte-Beuve said that most men of forty carry in their bosoms a dead poet; the poet dies and the man lives on into prosaic middle life and old age. Poetic art would have lost a great deal if Wordsworth had died in 1808, when he was thirty-eight; he then had lived two years more than Byron was to live, eight years more than Shelley, and twelve more than Keats.

I am glad Mr. Read disagrees with Mr. H. W. Garrod about the finality of the "Prelude" as an authority for the inner life of Wordsworth. He remarks truly: "It is often said that all fiction is disguised autobiography: it is just as true to say that all autobiography is disguised fiction." There is indeed much concealment in the "Prelude" and much distortion of fact. He adds in fairness: "It is not Wordsworth's sincerity that is in question; a great poem like the 'Prelude' could not have been written without the deepest sense of sincerity. But sincerity is not truth; it is only conviction."

On the other hand Mr. Read, in his determination to prove that Wordsworth did not wake up as a poet until he fell in love with Annette, denies that there is "the slightest gleam of originality" in "An Evening Walk," which the poet composed before that tremendous error. With all its borrowings and "gaudyverse," this poem is remarkable precisely for its occasional gleams of realism, and at that time to be realistic was to be original. It may indeed be that romantic enthusiasm awaited the touch of amatory flame; there is nothing so remote from a mystical view of man and nature as Wordsworth's letters to his friends Mathews and Wrangham, men of his own age, between 1791 and 1795. But the letters of young poets to their male companions are usually just as gay, satirical, and wordly as those of other men.

* * *

To come back again to Mr. Reed's main thesis, as he does himself with wearisome reiteration, he declares of the poet's love affair that "this passion and all its melancholy aftermath was the deepest experience of Wordsworth's life—the emotional complex from which all his subsequent career flows in all its intricacy and uncertainty. It was this experience which Wordsworth saw fit to hide—"to bury in the most complete secrecy and mask with a long-sustained hypocrisy." This is going too far, and the word "hypocrisy" is cruelly unjust. Wordsworth was under no obligation to inform the world of his mistakes and sufferings. He informed those who had a right to know; he did what he could to make amends; and, as I have recently shown elsewhere, there is good reason to believe he risked his life to bring Annette and his French daughter to England in October, 1793.

Mr. Read in emphasizing the emotional element neglects the intellectual. He treats too lightly the instruction in Revolutionary faith which the French officer Beaupuy imparted, and, by the way, he mistakes the time and place of that companionship, and identifies Beaupuy with a Royalist fanatic. The passage in the "Prelude" upon which Mr. Read depends in this instance was purposely rendered confusing by the poet, who mixes Orleans with Blois and makes a composite picture, as he had a right to do in a work of imagination.

Biography suffers today from the excessive employment of psycho-analysis and the jargon of that pseudo-science. Mr. Read is not exempt from this infection. It is false and hardhearted to say that Dorothy Wordsworth, that gloriously healthy and natural woman, "had no normal outlet for her feelings." Sisterly love is a normal outlet; so is intellectual conversation; so is domestic activity; so is outdoor exercise when accompanied by keen watchfulness of eye and ear.

There is one irrefragable argument in favor of the opinion that political conviction, rationalized and carried into practice, even more than the emotions connected with Annette, was dominant in Wordsworth between 1792 and 1802, and that is the new method of writing poetry which he so bravely and completely adopted in "Guilt and Sorrow," a poem begun in 1791-2 and completed in 1794-5. In subject, characters, and language it is a declaration of democratic principles, a challenge to aristocratic traditions in social life and in art. Mr. Read cannot conjure away this fact. He also, when it comes to accounting for Wordsworth's retreat from his Revolutionary position, in 1802, overlooks the immense, slow, irresistible pull of nationalism, which drew not only Wordsworth but almost all the other young English radicals into the current of opposition to Napoleonic France.

Notwithstanding the excesses into which the author has been led by his psychological doctrine, this is a very important and interesting book, written with vigor and considerable charm of style. If poetry is entirely the result of feeling, and if philosophy must always be systematic, then the book is not only valuable and original, as I think it is, but thoroughly sound, as I think it is not. Almost all great poetry is no less intellectual than emotional; and there is much philosophy, from Æschylus to Robert Bridges, which defies system. Sound or unsound, Mr. Read's theory of poetry challenges attention and is very ably defended. He understands Wordsworth the man almost too well for what one feels must be his original and abiding appreciation of his greatness as a poet; and he does not really deny that Wordsworth was, after all, one of the greatest of poets, and indeed one of the greatest philosophic poets, at least in the earlier stage of his divided life.

Civil War Alabama

THE FORGE. By T. S. STRIBLING. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT HERRICK

FOR one generation adequately to present another is nearly, if not quite, an impossible feat of the imagination. The historical novel, in particular, becomes either a vehicle for superficial romance reflecting the illusions of appearance after time and change or a clever effort at interpretation, one set of motives being run into the moulds of another age. Even with a thorough equipment of historical knowledge, aided by similar traditions and racial inheritance, the strange complex of human consciousness ceaselessly reshaping itself forever eludes the grasp of the most sensitive and imaginative mind. The very apparatus that enables a writer to seize the significance of his own environment precludes his perfect comprehension of something different, removed from his experience only by a few decades.

This reflection is induced by reading such an honest and altogether intelligent effort to accomplish the impossible as Mr. Stribling's latest "study" of Alabama during the Civil War and Reconstruction. Every page of "The Forge" bears ample evidence to its author's preparation for his task, to his intimate knowledge of the people concerned as well as of events and issues involved; moreover, to the possession of certain qualities of humor, irony, and objectivity that have hitherto been wanting in the reactions of Southerners to their tragic inheritance. Yet the novel remains less a story than a "study," less a dramatic presentation of credible characters suffering in a coil of calamity than the informed commentary of a benevolent observer. All the necessary features of the picture are conscientiously enumerated and delineated: the aristocratic Lacefields and their baronial plantation, the ruder Vaiden yeomanry, the trader BeShears and his kind (who inherit the earth!) the negro slaves, black and mulatto, the mountain whites; also the familiar attitudes and class conflicts involved—slavery, miscegenation, emancipation, the brutality and ruthlessness of the invader, southern "chivalry" (that did not prevent license and cruelty), the Ku Klux expedient, the perplexing problem of negro readjustment not yet completed, etc., etc. There is a full assortment of parts and scenes, yet the piece fails to live and move as a mass. The characters are manipulated hither and yon to bring out the tragic and humorous implications of the subject, but—alas!—they are "manipulated" with an alien insight, not inspired of themselves. Thus the brittle structure of their lives falls apart from the commencement and the whole makes a chronicle rather than a history.

The characters are solidly blocked in with historical fidelity to type, then treated objectively in the newer psychological manner, their motives and incoherent impulses being commented on ironically in a way that would bewilder their prototypes were these able to drift back into their own ashes and inspect Mr. Stribling's version of their lives. He has analyzed their spasmodic activities with the sardonic gusto of his own generation after the fashion of the new biography—a method that may entertain our wits but hardly produces convincing fiction. The bitter struggle between North and South with the inevitable disintegration of an economic and social system may well appear but another ephemeral episode in a mad world upon which superior minds can reflect in a mood of tolerant irony, realizing how each actor in the scene is swayed by motives other than those he thinks are actuating him. But to himself the situation was real and bitter, his conduct inevitable, not merely plausible. He was not to himself living out the dream of puppets. That sophistication was discovered by his posterity! . . .

Oddly enough this detached attitude succeeds best with the negro. Mr. Stribling is happiest in his humorous, tolerant understanding of the black people about whom (nominally) the crisis arose. He is alive to the anomalies and perplexities created by their presence, both slave and free. The quadroon girl Gracie, daughter of "ol Pap" Vaiden and mother of his eldest son's child, was the connecting link between the white and black worlds. "The fact that she had never worked, slept, or eaten outside the big house was not so much a point of pride with Gracie as it was a condition of her existence. With a negro's assimilative power she had absorbed the big house." In defiance of the law Gracie had been taught to read by Miss Cassandra, the bluestocking eldest daughter of the Vaidens; for the Vaidens "as Southerners believed in states' rights; as Alabamans, they believed in individual determinism on all legal and moral questions; as Primitive Baptists, they believed they were supernaturally foreordained from before the laying of the foundations of the earth to do as they damned pleased on all questions whatsoever—social, moral, legal, and religious." And "Gracie had such a tingling desire to be like her white mistresses that she sucked up instruction as a drowning person gasps at air." Gracie, having been ravished by the son of the house in compensation for a white bride who had eloped with a rival, falls into the hands of a northern officer and becomes his mistress, only to wander back at the end to the Vaiden encampment, a forlorn symbol of the no man's land into which the enfranchised negro was thrust by the Civil War.

Hindsight is proverbially better than foresight. It was not the carpet bagger Beekman (Gracie's northern protector) who so accurately predicted in the following quotation the doom of a slave-holding society as the philosophic novelist:

> . . . incidentally, gentlemen, from now henceforth you are going to have to obtain the products of negro labor by round-about methods, chicane, finesse, and not by simple force. In other words, you will cease to be gentlemen and become traders, landlords, and business men. In fact, you may fall to the low estate of Yankees and be forced to use your wits all the time.

Prophetic as these words may be, it is 1930 speaking, not 1865! . . . With all reservations made, however, Mr. Stribling's animated charade of Alabama, ironically interpreted, is an interesting and intelligent version of what happened in the South seventy years ago.

"Quite recently," says the London *Observer*, "the Commune of Venice bought the palace where Carlo Goldoni, 'the Molière of Italy,' was born in 1707. An inscription in Latin in the courtyard records the birth. All the Goldoni relics from the Correr Museum are being arranged in the Palazzo Centani. These include innumerable editions of Goldoni's works in all languages, even in Japanese. Students will find also material for the study of the transformation of the Venetian drama. The Commune of Venice is completing the edition of Goldoni's works started in 1907 on the occasion of his second centenary."

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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The Bowling Green

The Red and White Girdle

II. "BAGAGE ACCOMPAGNÉ"

THE label of the P. L. M. Railway, affixed to the trunk, showed that its journey had been "effectuated" (delightful to greet again our old friend M. Chaix's constant phrase) as Bagage Accompagné from Paris on July 27. The condition of the trunk immediately suggested some connection with the unknown corpse. On the road, above the embankment, a small key was discovered; it fitted the lock of the trunk. The Paris police now began to get busy, for this obviously might have some bearing on a disappearance that had been bothering them in the capital. By August 17 the Marseilles newspapers were full of the story.

It was time to be moving. The pair returned to Paris on August 18th. With great coolness the girl went straight to the rue Tronson-Ducoudray to retrieve the forgotten hat. Then to London, a city familiar to them. They tarried there long enough for her to have her hair cut off and provide herself with boy's clothes. They sailed from Liverpool to New York, where she resumed her sex, passing as her companion's daughter. From New York, following French instinct, they went North to Quebec where they arrived September 7. As far as anyone could humanly predict, they had got clear away from whatever it might be that was troubling them.

If this unpleasant narrative has any hero, it can only be Dr. Lacassagne of Lyon who examined the gruesome remains found on the Rhone embankment. Decomposition was too far advanced for any outward recognition, but the expert proceeded, as our much-admired Dr. Thorndyke would have done, to study the skeleton. He noted an "atrophy" in the bones of the left heel, traces of gout in the right foot, and an old water-on-the-knee in the right leg. These coincided with information given by the family of the man missing in Paris. There were certain peculiarities about the teeth. Identification began to seem probable. The hatter who kept records of his customers' head-measurements produced his files, and these also tallied. The Bailiff's daughters in the rue Montrouge were startled when an agent of the Sûreté called to ask for their father's comb and hairbrush. The comparison of hairs left in the comb with those on the skull in the mortuary at Lyon brought final certainty. The victim was our easy-going Gouffé, whom we last saw admiring a red and white silk girdle.

The delay in identification had made the task of the police sufficiently difficult; now the investigation was further confused by a half-crazed cab-driver in Lyon who, apparently for the sake of notoriety, told a cock-and-bull story about his having transported the famous trunk. It proved to be mere fantasy, but by the time this invention had been exploded the trail was cold. But suspicion pointed plainly toward those who were accustomed to see the huissier waving money at his favorite brasserie. A friend of Gouffé called Rémi Launée, a pallid person with a waxed blond mustache and an uncertain eye, was discovered in a strange state of nerves. A detective who called on him unexpectedly found him in the act of trying on a wig at the mirror. There was also a queer thing that happened the night of Gouffé's disappearance. About nine o'clock the concierge on the rue Montmartre heard someone moving about in Gouffé's office. Thinking it was the bailiff himself who had returned, he went to speak to him; but a man burst out of the room, rushed past him on the stairs, shielding his face, and fled away. Going into the office, the concierge found the safe undisturbed, but the desk had been ransacked and the floor was littered with burnt matches. Was Launée this mysterious visitor? But Launée was able to prove a credible alibi, and the searchlight turned upon Eyraud. The latter was known to be in various kinds of trouble, and Launée's anxiety was due to the fact that it was he who had introduced Eyraud to Gouffé, and had given Eyraud the notion that the bailiff was a man of substance. Launée admitted that he and Eyraud had dined together at the Taverne de Londres on the evening of July 25, when Eyraud asked a great many pointed questions about Gouffé and his habits. Now Eyraud had disappeared, and his doxy with him. He had cajoled 500 francs from his wife on the morning of July 27, said he was leaving on an important business trip, and hadn't been seen since. By the time these facts had been painfully collated, Eyraud and Gabrielle were off to Canada. We leave them making their way from Quebec to Vancouver in September, 1889. The details of that long journey must remain one of the world's many untold stories. By what shifts did they get money for their fares? The gamine of the Parisian boulevards, what did she think of the Rockies in their autumn colors? Probably it occurred to her that for a winter in Canada she would need some warmer clothing. But we must fill in a little more background.

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Michel Eyraud had had a lively career. Born about 1842, he served as corporal with the French invasion in Mexico in 1863. He was said to have deserted under fire, but he claimed to have left the campfire for the tenderer light of a Mexican señorita's eyes. He was too gallant, he claimed, to make war on a nation that had such beautiful women; he was always "grand amateur de jupons." Returned to France, he married a wealthy woman who brought him a dowry of $8,000, which he rapidly squandered. He was a clever linguist and travelled in the South Americas for an English firm. He was a captain of militia during the siege of Paris. After the Franco-Prussian war he became a distiller of cognac at Sèvres, but apparently he relished his own products too much. The business failed with a resounding crash and liabilities of nearly half a million francs. Toward the end of 1888 we find him acting as manager for a business house in Paris. It was then that he met Gabrielle. By her account, she answered an advertisement for a position; according to Eyraud, she gave him the eye on the street. Either way, it was unlucky for them both. When the judge expressed a virtuous disgust at her having become the mistress of this unsavory swindler, old enough to be her father, Gabrielle's reply was simple. "La misère fait faire bien des choses."

Bataille makes no attempt to sentimentalize Gabrielle. He does not find her as pretty as the newspapers had described, though he admits her chic. When he saw her at the trial (December, 1890) she was wearing a fur cap, a dotted veil, a winter cloak "coquettishly épaulé," and "gloves with four buttons." (The fur cap, I venture, was a souvenir of the trip to Canada.) Her hair was freshly waved. He calls her a Sainte-Nitouche, viz., a demure hypocrite, but subject to fits of temper. Angered by the prosecution she would sulk like a scolded child and turn her back on the court. She had been recalcitrant from earliest childhood. Bataille maintains that her intimacy with Eyraud brought her to a state of "complete cynicism." Poor gamine! It was her father's amour with the governess that had sent her out to hunt her fortune. There was odd irony in that, for perhaps a good governess a few years earlier might have made much difference. Her liaison with Eyraud caused much amazement among the learned jurists; so much so that a theory of hypnotic influence was later advanced to account for it. At any rate it was complete. When his various stratagems were rapidly boomeranging, she shared with him the proceeds of her own personal merchandise. But even among daughters of the game her recklessly pungent language scandalized the madams.

In July 1889 Eyraud's situation was serious; in the euphemism of one of the lawyers he was "reduced to expedients." Threatened with a prosecution for fraud, he went to London to think things over. They had resolved upon a little high-class blackmail to recoup the exchequer. On July 7 Gabrielle joined him there; it was her first view of perfidious Albion, I should love to know her impressions. They had not yet chosen a victim for their plot, but Gabrielle claimed to have a rich prospect who had promised her large sums If, As, and When. But their preparations for the simple art of blackmail were curiously intricate. It was all, as Eyraud afterward explained, in case of accidents. At a shop which the testimony calls "Peters and Robinson" (I take it to be Peter Robinson's) Gabrielle bought a rope girdle of red and white silk, a very strong one. In that fatal twist of white and scarlet perhaps the symbolist may see some emblem of the story. Eyraud meanwhile provided himself with a false beard, twelve feet of rope, and a block and tackle. In London they also bought the trunk which became famous. I see them, in some dingy lodging (probably near the British Museum?) looking over their purchases. Gabrielle says that the trunk was intended for her clothes, but the relentless Bataille insists that at that time she had only one dress to her back.

The revenues of the cross-Channel services that month must have shown some small but reckonable improvement by the migrations of this uneasy pair. Gabrielle celebrated Bastille Day (July 14) by crossing to Paris alone with the ominous trunk, but on July 17 she rejoined Eyraud in London. On Saturday, July 20, they returned to France together. Undoubtedly they agreed that they could not endure another London Sunday. Neither perfidious Albion nor temperamental Marianne paid any attention to these inconspicuous travellers. Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone were figuring out how the Prince of Wales might be allowed a larger stipend, and Lord Salisbury's government was making preparation to receive a state visit from a young sovereign who had lately become Kaiser. In Paris the approaching trial of General Boulanger was the scandal of the moment. Beneath these effective smoke-screens the adventurers continued their cold-blooded plan.

On July 21 they went together to the department store poetically named *Pygmalion* (I seem to remember that it still exists?) to choose some canvas. Their purpose, however, was the exact opposite of the classic myth. They bought 7 meters of sail-cloth, which Gabrielle took to a hotel-room in the rue Prony (near the Parc Monceau). A chambermaid saw her there with the material spread on the bed, sewing it into a sack. Eyraud took the trunk to a luggagemaker and had it reinforced; at a hardware shop he bought a large hook and a swivel. On July 24 Gabrielle, under the name of Mlle Labordière, rented the apartment at 3 rue Tronson-Ducoudray and paid 150 francs in advance. The plant account of the enterprise was mounting.

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But now all was ready except the choice of a victim. Perhaps the opulent suitor of whom Gabrielle had spoken was out of town for a long week-end. If so, it was the luckiest exodus of his life. The session with Launée at the Taverne de Londres decided the matter. Gouffé was rich; he would do. When the bailiff met La Petite on the pavement near his office that Friday noon it was not romantic chance. She was patrolling for him.

That afternoon was spent in preparations. In true detective stories there are usually some uncertainties, and I may not be too positive about Eyraud's alleged literary compositions. Aided by Gabrielle's memories of feuilleton fiction, he drew up numerous drafts of a letter—intended to be signed by the victim—that Gouffé had been kidnapped and would be held under duress until his family delivered funds for ransom. But the more the author struggled with these simple declarative statements the less credible they seemed. He proceeded to more practical arrangements. We can almost say that Gouffé was murdered because homicide was easier than prose composition.

The archway of the sleeping alcove was surmounted by a large beam. To this he fastened the hook; not an easy job, reaching upward from a chair; it must be done without any hammering which would arouse the anxieties of the patronne. So they were on their guard; if the landlady had come in she might have thought it a pleasant domestic scene; a little ménage à deux installing itself, Gabrielle holding the chair while Eyraud adjusted the drapes across the alcove. From the hook he hung the block and tackle, concealed behind the curtain. The loose end of the rope hung down on this side of the curtain, and Gabrielle ingeniously wrapped it in a strip of dark cloth so it was not noticeable. To the end of the rope they attached a snap-swivel which hung just below the back of the chaise-longue. The other chair was placed behind the curtain, beneath the pulley.

By six o'clock all was ready. They went out and dined with appetite at a little café just behind the Madeleine. It renews one's sense of improbability to think of them sitting on that quiet pavement where many of us have eaten and drunk peacefully on summer evenings. The Swiss waiter remembered later that Gabrielle took champagne and seemed in gay spirits. Eyraud was more pensive: his mind was occupied with the mechanics of pulleys; with his fingernails he sketched on the table-cloth a plan of his arrangement of forces.

It was a pleasant time for lingering at table, but by 7:30 they were back at the apartment. Eyraud tested his mechanism once more. They closed the blinds, and Gabrielle put on her kimono and practised the slip-knot in the red and white girdle. Eyraud took his position on the chair behind the curtain.

(*Continued on page 711*)

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Seven Devils of Science

IT was once a common belief that a man might be possessed by demons which drove him wild, as shown in the New Testament story of the legion of evil spirits that were dismissed from a demoniac and rushed two thousand swine to their death in the Sea of Galilee. So it is a common superstition nowadays that science is infested by a host of devils which are dangerous in civilization. I have selected seven fiends that are typical of the whole swarm, and am going to submit them to clinical examination.

The accusation that science tends to atheism is somewhat antiquated and need not be rebutted once more in a journal of modern thought. But it is well to record here the concise refutation that Huxley made:

> Of all the senseless babble I have ever had occasion to read, the demonstrations of these philosophers who undertake to tell us all about the nature of God would be the worst, if they were not surpassed by the still greater absurdities of the philosophers who try to prove that there is no God.

The only reasoners against God that I can learn of today are certain theologians. One of many examples is Gerald Birney Smith, an ordained Baptist minister and professor of Christian theology at the University of Chicago, who says in his "Current Christian Thinking": "The appeal to God occupies a decreasing place in modern religion. . . . It is no wonder that men are beginning to ask whether the doctrine of God is not too difficult and too vague to furnish the best basis for religion." But a large number of scientists have stoutly insisted that scientific method cannot deal with theology and that God is an experienced reality. Truly it is comical to accuse science of encouraging atheism.

The devil which is most commonly supposed to inhabit the body of science is the negative theory that there is nothing in the universe except matter. All the activities of matter, in nebulas or living creatures, are supposed to be a sort of machine which was never created, derives its force from nowhere, and keeps on running because there is nothing to stop it. Hence the theory is called "materialism" or "mechanism."

The mechanistic philosophy has always seemed to me the most incomprehensible product of the human brain. And to most scientists it has appeared to be a blind and monstrous explanation—as if a clam should aver that the universe consists of nothing but mud. There are indications that materialism was the creed of several scientists in the nineteenth century, but I have advertised in vain for any example of it written in the twentieth century by a scientist under fifty years of age. The only profession of materialism that I have ever seen is "Modern Science and Materialism," by Hugh Elliot, an English writer on philosophical subjects, not a scientist. But even this philosopher concedes "the whole foundation of knowledge to idealism," and he remarks, "I do not for a moment defend materialism in a metaphysical sense, as if I were to affirm that matter is an ultimate fact." He is not concerned with ultimates. He is merely showing that all the scientific knowledge we have comes from a study of matter and force.

The reputable scientist has never denied the possibilities that lie beyond the reach of our senses; he has only denied that science can tell anything about what lies beyond. A modern scientist who preached materialism—granted that there could be such an animal—would be a laughing-stock to his colleagues. The judgment of W. C. D. Dampier-Whetham on this point represents the overwhelming majority of scientific opinion: "At the beginning of the twentieth century the majority of men of science held unconsciously a naive materialism. . . . The old materialism is dead."

It is sheer superstition to impute materialism to the science of this century.

If the universe were a machine, there could be no freedom of the human will; for all our actions would be determined in advance by the grinding cogs of the immutable laws of nature. It is popularly supposed that science insists upon this determinism of our conduct, or even that it gloats upon the spectacle of the soul as an automaton.

Probably the vast majority of psychologists do incline to think that the will is not free; for freedom would mean that an action could be produced without any physical cause. So it is true that a vote of all the scientists might be in favor of determinism. But this fact is not at all disheartening to the person who has a good digestion and a true curiosity about the fascinating world in which he lives. Two considerations will bring good cheer to any sorrowing mind.

In the first place, we must realize that science refuses to go beyond its very restricted domain of physical observation. "Within this region of the senses," it says, "we cannot detect any action which might not have had a material cause." But is there any scientist who maintains, as a dogma, that there cannot be an undetermined source of activity beyond the reach of observation? I have never heard of one.

In the second place, no sensible reasoner about the will *desires* to prove that he is chained to matter. He is only inquiring into probability. He does not trust in pride or hope or speculation, but examines the evidence. Within the past three years the mathematicians have found some curious indications that electrons may perhaps not be subject to any known law of cause and effect, and it has been interesting to see how eagerly a few physicists have proceeded to argue from this wantonness of the infinitesimal to the possible liberty of the human will. Science is not committed to determinism. It wants freedom as much as the rest of us do. It is simply more resolute than most of us not to be deluded by false hopes.

When all the philosophy has been argued through, there remains a homely fact of more significance than all the theories—to wit: Even the most dogmatic scientists live on the assumption that they are free to commit crime or not to commit crime; most of them assume, in the management of their daily life, that they refrain from bad conduct by the use of will power; they regard themselves as free moral agents. Even Watson, the renowned behaviorist, is confident that he can build any kind of character in any normal child, and he tries to inspire the will of his classes by "a verbal stimulus which will gradually change the universe." There is no need of being disturbed about the determinism of the Watsons. Determinism is a spook.

"Sigmund Freud," says Rabbi Feinberg, "influences more lives than all the saints in heaven." His statement applies to thousands of warm-hearted people who have a literary bent. They are offended in their heart of hearts by the different brands of the psychological reasoning that reduces the soul to chemical formulas. They suppose that they are reading science, and therefore they rail at science. Why does it never occur to them to inquire about the credentials of Freudianism? A fair sample of what they would learn can be seen in a few sentences of "The Sciences and Philosophy," by J. S. Haldane, a physiologist who has learned in a long and rigorous life what one department of science is:

> The discussion of conscious behavior has shown that it is a very different thing from what Freud imagines, and that science also is a very different thing. . . . Psychology as a branch of science is still on about the same level as chemistry was in the days of the alchemists. It has still no generally acknowledged guiding principles, so that the chaotic literature which is at present poured forth in the name of psychology has come to be regarded by educated persons with the very utmost suspicion, though it appeals to an ill-educated multitude, especially among the well-to-do. . . . The sort of organism which Freud imagines is thus a mere product of his imagination. . . . Of the characteristic features of conscious activity his conception gives no account at all. . . . The whole structure of any such psychology rests on bad physics and bad physiology, besides being hopelessly inadequate from the special standpoint of psychology. It misrepresents our actions, because it misrepresents both our perceptions and our passions. . . . If I speak strongly on this subject, I mean every word of what I say; and perhaps these words, coming as they do from a physiologist, may be more heeded than if they came from a philosophical teacher by profession, or from one tied by the creed of a church.

LEST Haldane's denunciation should seem prejudiced because it is such a broadside at all psychology, hear the words of J. B. Watson: "I venture to predict that twenty years from now (i. e., from 1925) an analyst using Freudian concepts and Freudian terminology will be placed upon the same plane as a phrenologist."

If there is a soul in man, it can never be injured by a million psychologists. The scientists are such merciless hunters of error that they can be counted on to slaughter any false theory of the soul, and their execution will never be long delayed.

The most severe indictment of science that has been made by a non-religious author is a book called "Science the False Messiah." It closes with a list of twenty-three "Theses to Be Nailed to the Laboratory Door," the last of which, the climax of the book, is this: "When Science has become supreme, any attempt to rectify its formulas will be persecuted as heresy." This fear that science will set up an inquisition is uncommon and strikes most of us as absurd. Yet it is worth notice. For men are all by nature tyrannical, greedy for power, eager to impose their convictions on others, eager in proportion as their convictions tend to purity and righteousness. If, for example, I wish to free men from the curse of rum or infidelity, I shall try to subject them to a prohibition law or to a religious creed.

The present intentions of scientists may be ever so pure and meek, but these virtues might not prevent the setting up of a dominant cult. There are millions of intelligent people who feel that science is already beginning to exercise a merciless supervision over all our thoughts. There are theologians who assert that the religion of the future must be made by science, sociologists who declare that laws must be framed by science, educational experts who insist that all teaching should be directed by scientific techniques. A man is hardly to blame if he suspects that science may become a tyrant.

The fact is, however, that science can never become a dominating cult or institution—any more than humor or industry or any other useful trait of mind could form itself into a governing body and compel men to obedience. Science (as I shall show below) is not a dogma and has no faith whatever. Science is a method by which our curiosity explores nature. If the human greed for power has made tyrannies out of religion and temperance, it may conceivably make a tyranny out of our desire to learn facts. Our greed is always ready to use any name for its despotism. But science must forever be the foe of tyranny. The scientific attitude of mind is the only defense that the race has discovered against tyranny.

EVERY man who tries to think straight knows that his most important duty is to challenge the meanings of the words he uses. Every reasoner tells us this; we tell ourselves unceasingly. Yet we are perpetually veered away from truth by a word that has two meanings. The most powerful demon supposed to animate science is the ambiguous term *experience*.

All recent theology teems with *experience*. Professor William Ernest Hocking gives a fair example of this use in his preface to "The Meaning of God in Human Experience": "Religion inquires what, in terms of experience, its God means; for surely religion rises out of experience." If you care for a view of the most amazing mental arena in the world, attend closely to a few more brief quotations of a similar purport from Hocking.

> Religious truth is founded upon experience. . . . The chance for finding God of general human value is built on the prospect that God may be found *in experience*, experience being the region of our continuous contact with metaphysical reality. . . . Our first and fundamental social experience is an experience of God.

If you consider that this philosopher's reliance on a word is not significant in an age when metaphysics is a waning subject, hear what use has been made of the word by the most brilliant mathematician in England, the most gifted expounder of the new physics, the most attractive human being who deals with science today, Arthur Stanley Eddington. In "The Nature of the Physical World" he tells of "our mystical experience of God":

> There are some to whom the sense of a divine presence irradiating the soul is one of the most obvious things of experience. We may try to analyze the experience as we analyze humor. . . . but let us not forget that theology is symbolic knowledge, whereas our experience is intimate knowledge.

Hocking and Eddington—so different in their mental make-ups and ways of life—are agreed in affirming that they have a direct experience of God which is as valid as their apprehension of sunshine or

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by Henshaw Ward

a joke or a yardstick. Neither one seems to have asked himself what he means by "experience." Yet the first page of Dewey's "Experience and Nature" would suggest that even their subtle minds are deluded by two meanings which have nothing in common. "Experience," says Dewey, "is a weasel word. Its slipperiness is evident in an inconsistency characteristic of many thinkers." He goes on to explain the two meanings: purely mental states, "which will land us in the most secluded of idealisms" and the kind of objective data which appear the same to all qualified observers and which are used in the scientific method. Dewey says that the two meanings are contradictory and that men who confuse them "think in two worlds of discourse." He warns his readers that he will use *experience* in the scientific sense, "not in the sense of momentary, private, and psychological."

The pair of meanings were not made by Dewey, nor by a school of philosophy; they are to be seen in any dictionary and can be recognized in any conversation. Last night I met my mother, who died ten years ago; the experience is vivid, unmistakable. This morning I met the postman at the door, and this experience is no more vivid than the former one. Yet they belong in two different universes of discourse. The first one, though it is undeniable and though through all the ages hosts of men have had similar experiences, would instantly be rated by Hocking and Eddington as a mere illusion; the experience with the postman they would regard as a report of fact. Why the difference? Because the experience of my mother is an episode in my private psyche and gives no proof that the mother was in my bedroom; but if there had been a thousand qualified witnesses of the postman phenomenon, every one would have corroborated my observation. The God of Hocking and of Eddington is derived from private happenings in their minds. The knowledge of sunspots comes from observations that can be duplicated by all astronomers.

If that statement did not seem obvious truth to a host of scientists and philosophers, I should never dare to print it. In humility and mystification I should accept Eddington's testimony as something too wonderful for me, and I should keep silence before it. But the reviewers of the book have felt no such compunction; they have remarked with sorrow that Eddington's notion of experience has no validity. Professor East, of Harvard, says without a tremor that "the last few chapters of the book are pure mysticism." All the Catholic clergy would say that such private experience as Eddington's does not prove anything. Dozens of liberal protestant theologians would confess that they utterly lack Eddington's sense of a divine presence. Half the university professors in America yearn for the sense of the presence of God, but are quite unable to feel what Eddington feels. Even so profound and devout a soul as Kant's was unable to believe (as Hocking himself confesses) that God can be found in experience. And a sensation which cannot by any endeavor be duplicated in so large a proportion of sympathetic observers is not an experience that can be used in legitimate reasoning. Eddington is merely paltering with a two-faced word. His mystic "experience" does not dwell in science. It is only a hobgoblin that used to live in primitive folklore.

THE scientists have themselves to blame for the devil that plagues them most—the notion that their method has its ultimate basis in faith. So scrupulous and sound a reasoner as J. W. N. Sullivan declares: "Science rests, not upon a rational basis, but upon an act of faith." I could cite a dozen other testimonials to the same effect by modern scientists of ability and high repute, and their use of the word is bringing scandal upon the good name of science.

Perhaps the misunderstanding originated half a century ago in the most reliable brain that ever wrote essays about the general nature of science. Huxley often spoke of his "belief in a fixed order of nature," and twice he referred to his belief as a "faith." Then the mischief began. Metaphysical minds asked what basis there is for such a faith. And of course there is no basis. The human mind is so ignorant and weak that it cannot possibly know whether nature operates by invariable laws. To assert that nature does so operate is to make a pure assumption about the fundamental quality of the universe—just as unwarranted in scientfic reasoning as the assumption that a personal God supervises nature and allows miraculous exceptions to the usual order. If, then, science is based upon such a faith, it has the same foundation as Buddhism or any other mystic cult.

The hitch in the reasoning appears when you ask the question, What is meant by *based upon?* Does the phrase mean that science would have to suspend operations if the assumption proved false? If that is the meaning, science is only another superstition.

Huxley was perfectly aware of this simple little problem in epistemology, and never imagined that succeeding scientists would be tangled up by it. He had used the word *faith* to mean "trust in our scientific experience, *so far as that goes.*" He repeatedly vented his wrath upon men who thought that natural laws were fundamental truths—for example, in the essay "On the Physical Basis of Life":

> And what is the dire necessity and "iron" law under which men groan? Truly, most gratuitously invented bugbears. I suppose if there be an "iron" law, it is that of gravitation; and if there be a physical necessity, it is that a stone, unsupported, must fall to the ground. But what is all we really know, and can know, about the latter phenomenon? Simply that, in all human experience, stones have fallen to the ground under these conditions; that we have not the smallest reason for believing that any stone so circumstanced will not fall to the ground; and that we have, on the contrary, every reason to believe that it will so fall.

That is to say: science has no metaphysical "faith" in an immutable order of nature, but merely trusts to the rule-of-thumb probability that, if no exception to a process has ever been seen, there will not be an exception today. And if an exception should occur tomorrow, science would not throw down its tools in despair. Science would be delighted. For every such destruction of a supposed order in nature is a gateway opened to new knowledge.

Another heartfelt passage (in "The Three Hypotheses Respecting the History of Nature") explains how lightly and provisionally Huxley held all scientific beliefs:

> The conception of the constancy of the order of nature has become the dominant idea of modern thought. . . . But we must recollect that any human belief, however broad its basis, however defensible it may seem, is, after all, only a probable belief, and that our widest and safest generalizations are simply statements of the highest degree of probability. Though we are quite clear about the constancy of the order of nature at the present time, it by no means necessarily follows that we are justified in expanding this generalization into the infinite past, and in denying, absolutely, that there may have been a time when nature did not follow a fixed order, when the relations of cause and effect were not definite, and when extra-natural agencies interfered with the general course of nature.

Huxley never denied that miracles might have happened in Palestine twenty centuries ago, or in the London of his day. He argued only that the evidence for them was too meager.

His work was not founded on any act of faith. He took pains to announce when writing about "The Object and Scope of Philosophy" that "a belief is void of justification unless its subject-matter lies within the bounds of possible knowledge"; and he never extended any faith beyond the limits of scientific verification.

Leonard Huxley tells us how hateful to his father was "the sin of faith," and his father describes in the essays on agnosticism why he used so harsh a word.

> Preachers, orthodox and heterodox, din into our ears that the world cannot get on without faith of some sort. There is a sense in which that is as eminently as obviously true; there is another in which, in my judgment, it is as eminently as obviously false; and it seems to me that the hortatory, or pulpit, mind is apt to oscillate between the false and the true meanings, without being aware of the fact. . . .
>
> "Faith," said a Sunday scholar, "is the power of saying you believe things which are incredible." Now I believe that faith, in this sense, is an abomination. . . . It is desirable there should be an end of any mistakes on this topic.

Surely there ought to be an end of this abomination of claiming that religious faith is similar to scientific hypotheses. "All physical science," said Huxley, "starts from certain postulates." That is the right word—postulates. No sensible scientist ever had faith in ether; the postulate was employed as long as it would work, then cheerfully discarded. Most scientists would say that they "believe" in the principle of causation; yet when the investigators of electrons seem to reach a bourne where causation ceases, physicists are not shocked. They may think that the observation is defective and the conclusion premature, but they would rejoice if this most fundamental assumption should be destroyed. For the overthrowing of a theory means new light and advance to new knowledge. Science flourishes by the overthrow of its theories. A "belief" of science is never part of the foundation, but always a temporary scaffold to help in building the wall. Science is no more based on an act of faith than a brick wall is based on the mason's staging.

But any religious faith is part of a foundation. If, for a concrete example, you remove from the Presbyterian church its faith in a personal God, you leave the church unsupported; it must fall in ruins. How, then, is it possible to conceive that the "faith" of a religion and the "faith" of science have anything in common except the five letters with which the words are spelled? If any scientist ever feels like repeating Sullivan's dictum about a scientific act of faith, he should ask himself whether he does not deserve Huxley's scorn for having a pulpit mind. He is probably helping to perpetuate the superstition that science is possessed of a devil.

WE live in an age when esthetic and philosophical and religious souls are mourning the evils of science. Recently a specially loud wail has been raised by a chorus of humanists: "The excesses of a naturalistic philosophy have abdicated the claims of human dignity. The decade has ended in bafflement and despair, as readers of 'A Preface to Morals' know." Imagine Walter Lippmann's amusement when he heard that piercing cry. He hadn't suspected that there was any despair in his heart or his book or in the hearts of any healthy readers of his book. And there isn't any bafflement or despair produced by science, except in those intellects that prefer the scented gloom of delusion to the fresh air of knowledge. Science has not altered the universe, and never can alter it in the slightest particular. Humanism and religion cannot alter it. An infinity of human thought could neither degrade it nor rescue it. For the universe is what it is, and the only rational ambition for men is to try to learn as much as possible about it. If any humanist or Mennonite or psychoanalyst or yogi has information about the everlasting mysteries, his truth will prevail some time. Let's all keep cheerful and try to find out what sort of knowledge is genuine.

One of these humanists has exposed in a sentence the whole truth about the clamor that is raised against science: "False claims are now being advanced on all sides *under the shelter of the name of science,* and it is these claims which the humanist is concerned to expose." God bless all humanists who talk like that. There are claims for materialism and determinism and Freudianism; they are advanced by creatures who shout "science" as a slogan; and therefore gullible people suppose that science is the bedlam where these isms reside. But science has never consorted with them, never harbored them. Science is not possessed by devils.

Henshaw Ward, author of the foregoing article, was for many years a teacher, but of late has devoted his time to writing. Among his recent books are "Exploring Nature," "The Circus of the Intellect," "Exploring the Universe," and "Charles Darwin—the Man and His Warfare." His new book, "Builders of Delusion," is shortly to be issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 709)

The next half hour seemed very long. Cheerful Parisian babble came from the street outside. I still find the scene hard to realize. It is only just to say that their subsequent accounts of what happened in that room were at variance. I tell it here as Bataille believed it to have occurred. If the pause had lasted much longer they might have begun to disbelieve the scene themselves. Then came the bailiff's tread in the hall.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

(*To be continued*)

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Books of Special Interest

Present Habits of Thought

OUR NEW WAYS OF THINKING. By GEORGE BOAS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY

Vassar College

WE have recently been overwhelmed with such a flood of books, that a few new swimming lessons are needed. This book furnishes such lessons to guide the thinker in the many cross currents of opinion. There are new ways of thinking and old ways, and the differences between them, broadly speaking, are given as follows: First, the substitution of statistics for Aristotelian logic, which may loosely be called a shift from absolute, final "truth" to changing and growing "probability." Second, the substitution of the notion that change is growth for the notion that it is mechanical impact. Third, the substitution of what may be called the "will" for the "reason" as the source of human acts. In a way this resembles the advice of David Hume that any book which fails to furnish us with matter-of-fact should be committed to the flames.

But since the days of the Scottish skeptic immense changes have taken place. As Doctor Boas so brilliantly puts it: Aristotle and Leonardo da Vinci and Newton and Huxley, if not Darwin, could all have met in the same room and understood one another with no great difficulty. . . . If any of these men, however, were to sit down for a chat with Albert Einstein, Bertrand Russell, Paul Valéry, and Stravinsky, in a room hung with the paintings of Matisse and Picasso, the amount of explaining which would be necessary before an *entente cordiale* could be established would probably be an effective bar to a satisfactory exchange of opinion.

Now apply these new ways of thinking to recent publications and see how many can be ignored. For instance, there are treatises on economics based on the notion of the Aristotelian dollar as having a fixed and unchangeable value; treatises on evolution that consider man a fixed species who has no relation to any previous animal ancestors; treatises on law that reason that an unborn child is a person for some purposes, but not for others, being entitled to sue for property, but not for pre-natal injury. In short, applying the new tests, we can put in the discard a treasury official at Washington, an anti-evolutionist in Tennessee, and finally, in law, even a chief justice of the Supreme Court.

The new ways of thinking afford considerable mental relief. They enable us to clear the mental calendar of a host of cases that have no chance of winning in the court of the new logic. Such cases, according to Boas, would be "the terrible superstitions of traditional Europe," like going to church, chastity, and holding a job. In these problems Boas claims that local American statutes against atheism, unchastity, and loafing are passing away. He is too optimistic. Thus Eggleston, in his "Transit of Civilization," once showed that beliefs in astrology, palmistry, and magic medicine were brought over along with other antique furniture in the Mayflower. Now, if at the end of three centuries, such delusions still hold in certain parts of the country, other more complex folk-ways have by no means disappeared. This year's winner of the Nobel prize for literature has built his very reputation on collecting cases of those obsolete forms of thought prevalent in what George Bernard Shaw would call "dear, old, medieval America." As Boas himself confesses, "we moderns" comprise only a small group. Yet that group will doubtlessly grow in the future, if such a book as this is put in the hands of students. They may bring to college many idols of the tribe, but the new ways of thinking are on the whole iconoclastic. The Baltimore professor seems at times to think the American undergraduate has a thick skull, but possibly he is judging chiefly from students from south of the Mason and Dixon Line. Yet we cannot go to the other extreme and describe the students from the North and West under the caption of "flaming youth." Their attitude seems rather one of cool appraisal of the ancestral Lares and Penates. "Who asks any one's religious opinions nowadays? What is all this talk about "love, honor and obey" in matrimony? Who cares whether the family is Republican or Democrat?—such are actual questions which the college teacher overhears nowadays. Precedent has gone by the board; pragmatism and radical empiricism have taken their place. So when Boas speaks of the only way out of the present breakdown of morality as the frank acceptance of the Thomistic-Platonic theory of values of the Catholic church, he is forced to acknowledge that there is only a minor swing towards medievalism. Thus among Protestants Morningside Heights is not preventing its own clergy from hearing Judge Lindsey, while the authorities at the Catholic universities are more or less worried because the children of the faithful persist in going to non-Catholic institutions of learning. In other words, we are exchanging old worlds for new, as is finally summed up by the author in his conclusion that modern thought differs from ancient in its logic, in its conception of change, and in its conception of human nature. . . . New discoveries in science, new ways of life, the expansion of the sphere of human activity, the wish to excuse human desires—but whence come these new desires?—these and more have worked together in the tangle of currents which make history, to produce the dominant habits of thought.

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A Great Victorian

THE DIARIES OF JOHN BRIGHT. With a foreword by PHILIP BRIGHT. Edited by R. A. J. WALLING. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1930. $7.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN

THIS book will interest those who are already deeply versed in Victorian politics. To others, John Bright may seem a remote figure, not only because of his confidence in democracy and in the saving grace of widening the franchise, but also because of his oplitical unworldliness. Reluctant to enter parliament, he was more reluctant to enter the government. Nothing in the diary is more entertaining than the mystification of Disraeli at Bright's indifference to high position. That the careerist Disraeli is admired today and John Bright almost forgotten would appear significant of our time, were it not that many other factors have to be reckoned with in any such comparison.

Bright knew that he had no place in the councils of Disraeli, nor in those of Palmerston. When Gladstone became Prime Minister, Bright was inevitably asked to serve, and Gladstone knew his man well enough to realize that he would have to be pushed into acceptance. Bright continued to act with Gladstone, in whose beneficent intentions he had utmost confidence, until the Government resorted, reluctantly enough, to force in Egypt. Bright could not compromise with his Quaker traditions and drew out of the Cabinet. He remained in the councils of Liberalism till Gladstone brought in the Home Rule Bill of 1886. That was too much for him. It was not his fear of Catholicism, for he was the most tolerant of men. Perhaps Parnell and the wild Irish in the Commons had alienated the quiet soul of Bright, perhaps his Yorkshire conservatism and his years made it hard for him to move with the "old man in a hurry."

It will be remembered that Bright was the friend of America through thick and thin before the Civil War, during that struggle, and after. His diaries are almost a record of Americans visiting in London, and all were gladly received, unless they had something to say against Lincoln. He could have done a triumphal tour in America, but triumphs were not in the manner of this Quaker.

In his old age, and even before, Bright became a lion of London dinners. His records of those dinners are disappointing. To know that Tennyson or Browning, that Hartington or Harcourt or Chamberlain was present, is only tantalizing if we are not told what they said. Fortunately we are given some of the conversations of Gladstone and Disraeli. But in general one endures that torture which a man is likely to suffer when his partner talks about her small children while he can hear people across the table discussing British politics. It is not as terrible as that in Bright's diary. His children were to him and are to the reader among the interesting things of his life, and not only his wife and children, but his in-laws and his Quaker friends. Good people they were, of an elder time.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, is said to have discovered a book dating from 100 B.C. during his recent expedition to China. The book consists of seventy-eight wooden leaves bound together with string. Professor Bernhard Karlgren, of the University of Gothenburg, is to try to decipher the writing.

In the Heart of the Congo

JUNGLES PREFERRED. By JANET MILLER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

ONE day, as Dr. Miller was proceeding to her post, forty or more days of patient steaming up river into the heart of the Belgian Congo, the little river boat on which she was journeying was run close to the bank under the shade of a big, moss-hung, spreading tree. It wasn't until they were well under it, that the crew perceived that its branches made the favorite roosting-place for most of the snakes in the neighborhood. One came dropping, kerflump, down on their deck before they could back the steamer out into stream again.

Things like that kept happening throughout Dr. Miller's several years in Africa. Sometimes a few yards of boa would slip lazily down through the cloth ceiling of her bungalow. The empty space between that cloth and the high-thatched roof was the home of innumerable rats, and the snakes fed on the rats. She and her associates would plant a garden and wake up some bright morning to find that elephants had trampled it all into the ground. Leopards stole their chickens. Lions were bellowing all over the place at night—low and resonantly, if they had fed, with a hideous sort of snarling roar, if they were hungry.

The natives roundabout were all salt-starved. There were no salt mines in the interior, and the sea was too far away. Salt becomes in these circumstances, a sort of money. With a few pounds of salt, you could get almost anything. Pictures out of American magazines, especially colored advertisements, were close to salt in value. Dr. Miller once bought a necklace of forty leopards' teeth, in graduated sizes, mounted on a strip of crocodile skin, for three spoons of salt and an empty Gold Dust Twins box.

She had already seen service in the Orient, when she was induced to take charge of a sleeping sickness hospital among the Batetela people of the Belgian Congo. It is as a physician, working with missionaries, that Dr. Miller views her extraordinary surroundings. She is neither explorer, archeologist, nor writer, as such, and her book has the air of slightly expanded diary notes or letters home. Next to the almost effervescing animal life to which she constantly refers, one is impressed, perhaps, by the pervading undertone of suffering.

The jungle grows luxuriantly, and wild animals seem to flourish, but humans have a tough time of it, even to keep alive. This part of Africa, at any rate, is no tropical paradise. The soil is not fertile, and wild animals constantly prey on men and their crops alike. Witch doctors are about the only help against diseases, bites, and accidents. All physical disorders are laid to hostile spirits which must be driven away or propitiated. The results are sometimes comic, sometimes hideous. The concrete service which a civilized physician with his drugs, anesthetics, and operating instruments can do in such an environment need scarcely be stressed. Dr. Miller hated and loved her assignment. She worked heroically, and was overjoyed when the time finally came to go home.

Her book is always interesting and refreshingly free from pose or bunk. Throughout, we see a capable woman doing her duty, yet with a sensitive woman's loneliness and terror of all sorts of things. Those who have formed a habit for craftily eroticized works of the tropical best-seller variety, will find Dr. Miller's a bit tame. There is a touch too much of missionary squeamishness, perhaps. But one can't have everything, all in the same book. Dr. Miller writes honestly of what she really saw and of what really interested her, and with kindliness and humor.

A recent English catalogue prints on the inside of the front cover the following fascinating offer:

"CHARLES DICKENS' TOOTHPICK. An Ivory and Gold Toothpick, which was used by Charles Dickens during his last visit to America, and until his death, with a Certificate in the hand-writing of his sister-in-law, Georgina Hogart, authenticating its genuineness. The toothpick bears the initials "C.D.," and the names of "C. Palmer, Inventor," and "S. Mordan and Co., Makers." The certificate and toothpick are enclosed in a case, covered in dark blue levant morocco, and lettered in gold, by Riviere. The toothpick rests on velvet in a place cut to receive it, below it is the guarantee, in a gilt frame covered with glass. The inside of the lid is lined with silk. Size of Case 1¼ by 6¼ in. £55."

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Round about Parnassus

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WE have made a firm resolve to clear our desk of a perfect shoal of small-fry that have accumulated upon it in the past months. More little slim volumes of poems to be published than ever. Before, however, we train our eye upon them, we wish to remark that a young poet of real talent who might have lived to do important things is still being spoken of to us by many correspondents. The late Ernest Hartsock, whom we have already mentioned in these columns, had many friends and was on the way to becoming widely known. *Strange Splendor*, his book published at Atlanta, Georgia, by the Bozart Press, is worth getting, if only for its promise. We have placed with it now on our shelves the March-April 1931 issue of *Bozart and Contemporary Verse* in which are tributes to the poet, and Benjamin Musser's appreciation of the poet, which is not for sale but was issued in a limited edition of two hundred copies. The picture of the poet on page 32 of that pamphlet gives one a good idea of his youth and good looks. Without being the athlete that Rupert Brooke was, he reminds slightly of that poet in that he combined a fine-looking head with the ability to write verse possessing a cutting edge. He is not, of course, in the Brooke category. He is a much smaller figure. But already he was learning firmness of statement and the effective organization of his work.

James Weldon Johnson has edited *The Book of American Negro Poetry*, which is just published by Harcourt, Brace, and—before we turn to those small fry—we must venture a comment or two upon the job Mr. Johnson has done. Among the earlier singers we are glad to note, for one, James David Corrothers, the acquaintance of whose verse we first made in the old days of the *Century Magazine*, when his "Dream and the Song" was published in that periodical. The style of this five-stanza lament is of another day (Corrothers was born in '69), but nevertheless all must recognize the beauty in such a stanza as this:

The rose thought, touched by words, doth turn
Wan ashes. Still, from memory's urn,
The lingering blossoms tenderly
Refute our wilding minstrelsy.
Alas! we work but beauty's wrong!
The dream is lovelier than the song.

Notable inclusions in this book are the poems of that most assidious and remarkable of American anthologists, black or white, William Stanley Braithwaite. His "Onus Probandi" has always haunted us,

No more from out the sunset,
No more across the foam,
No more across the windy hills
Will Sandy Star come home. . . .

and now it is a positive delight to read such a poem of his as "Del Cascar," where his imagination flares into three entirely original and vivid quatrains.

James Weldon Johnson himself has done most notable work in his "God's Trombones," those versified negro sermons that he published several years ago. Countée Cullen and Langston Hughes are, of course, familiar among the newer writers; but a young man of only thirty, one Sterling A. Brown, arouses our particular curiosity in this book. Somehow we have missed seeing much of anything of his work; and, as may be illustrated by the "Odyssey of Big Boy," he has the genuine folk rhythm and the genuine folk material in him:

Done shocked de corn in Marylan',
In Georgia done cut cane,
Done planted rice in South Caline,
But won't do dat again,
Do dat no mo' again.

Been roustabout in Memphis,
Dockhand in Baltimore,
Done smashed up freight on Norfolk wharves,
A fust class stevedore,
A fust class stevedore. . . .

This is negro ballad poetry with the force of a work-song like "Waterboy" and yet imbued with decided individuality by the poet. Mr. Brown's poem, "Southern Road," has the very shuffle and hopeless laboring voice of the stone-cracking chain-gang:

Double-shackled—hunh—
Guard behin';
Double-shackled—hunh—
Guard behin';
Ball an' chain, bebby,
On my min'.

Mr. Johnson has made his selections with the taste of a true poet and a thorough knowledge of the extant poetry of his race. It is good to have so characteristically American a volume as this. We can testify ourselves that for education in rhythm there is nothing like having been brought up side by side with the black race. They have music in their bones. They have something that may be what Gurdjieff is trying to teach in rhythmic gesture. It would be most unnatural if they were not poets. They are certainly our most natural lyrists. It may even be that the future holds a negro poet, some dusky Robert Burns, who will have the whole country reading and singing his songs. Even today there are a number of negroes writing distinguished English-speaking poetry as well as impeccable dialect verse.

Now for some of the small, slim volumes. *Spindrift*, by Bettie Margot Cassie, privately printed in Vermont, has really little to recommend it. *Cavalcade*, by Edna Selover Nason, privately published on University Heights of this city, has little more. *Nightshade*, by Anita Weschler, Colony Press, New York, is about as fragmentary as both, with a very slightly better craftsmanship. In *The Anthology of Boston University Poetry* what principally interests us is the appearance at the ouset of the volume of the names of Julia Ward Howe, Grace Coolidge, and William Ellery Leonard. Leonard is, naturally, the only poet among the three. There is little else here. The Black Archer Press (there are more of these new little presses than one can brandish a club at!) presents us with "a lady thinks" (all in lower case) by sis willner. These poems attempt to be smartly of the day; but aside from the typography making the poet's work hard to read (it reminds us of the story of an elderly gentleman reading aloud a letter from an illiterate correspondent. He read it as follows, "Little-I said, etcetera; little-I did, and so on.") her wit and cleverness cannot be called amazing. We think the following a fair sample to quote. The burning question is, "Does this sort of thing pay?"

amnesia
i'll toss you a song,
make you a rhyme—
dance with you, play with you
any old time;
and your eyes are such
you never will see
through the bright glitter
the small, inner me.

we'll joke of illusions—
of prayer, and regret—
and you'll never know
i laugh to forget.
sad is god eros;
morbid is cupid;
i love you, my dear,
because you are stupid.

Laconics, by E. R., was produced entirely in Canada (so we are told) and comes from the Overbrook Press of Ottawa. The poems are chiefly plain statement revealing little original imagination and having no music. Malcolm Schloss's *Songs to Celebrate the Sun* is published by the new life associates of the North Node Bookshop, at 30 East 60th Street, this city. The foreword says something about these poems helping the reader to withdraw into the world of essense, whatever that is. Such a beautiful sentiment does not, however, excuse such verse as this, entitled "Heart and Soul,"

My heart is a red, red rose
That blooms and blooms in Spring;
Inside of it there grows
Everything,—everything.

We will spare you the second verse which is, actually, even worse. The effect of Occultism, the Tarot, Hermetics, and Theosophy seems to be a bad one on poetry. The one "inspired" immediately takes leave of all sense of humor or craftsmanship, supremely confident that the divine afflatus will carry him through. Of course it won't, for he isn't using the intellect God gave him.

Of three small collections of poems before us we may dismiss two without comment save to say that there is nothing of importance in them. These are *Verse of the New West*, all written by Irene Welch Grissom and published by the Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho, and *Voices in the Dawn*, in the "Studies" Publications series edited by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney. The anthology entitled *Cease Firing*, being fifty poems of the new Peace by such writers as Alfred Noyes, John Galsworthy, John Drinkwater, Vachel Lindsay, Edwin Markham, and even Edgar A. Guest, is worthy in intention; but propagandist verse is rarely of high quality. The arguments put forward in these various poems are rational, far more rational than militaristic arguments. The book is a good one to have circulated; just as every book that makes for world peace should be given the widest possible circulation. But as literature this volume is not distinguished.

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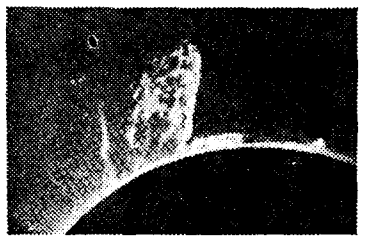

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

CONTEMPORARY IMMORTALS. By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON. Appleton. 1930. $2.

From more serious labors Mr. Henderson has here turned to journalism. In what he calls "a humble mood of idealism" he presents his choice of contemporary immortals: Einstein, Gandhi, Edison, Mussolini, Shaw, Marconi, Jane Addams, Orville Wright, Paderewski, Curie, Ford, and Kipling. Each figure receives an essay, or rather a warm appreciation, of about fifteen pages. The author is in general well informed, his biographical data is interestingly presented, and he is able to offer personal reminiscences of several of his heroes, notably Shaw and Einstein. But the general effect is of elementary and superficial appraisal. As a mathematician Mr. Henderson can write of Einstein with some authority, and as an indefatigable biographer of Shaw his observations on that playwright have an expert quality. But it is obvious that he knows little more than the ordinary observer of the political and economic forces behind Mussolini and Gandhi, and that he has no expert qualfications for treating Orvillle Wright and Mme. Curie. He is also fulsome in eulogy. The volume would have been better if his idealism had not been quite so "humble" in quality. If he had called to his aid a little more critical edge we might have been spared the assertion that "Ford is a deep thinker," and that "Ford irresistibly reminds us of . . . Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln"; the assertion that "the strongest power ranged against democracy in the world today is a single man of destiny—*Il Duce*"; and the assertion that "in Kipling is incarnated, by general acknowledgment, an innate, mystic consciousness of the lofty destiny of English-speaking peoples." This volume will have its value for high school seniors, college freshmen, and others on their mental level, but more cannot be said for it.

THAT MAN DAWES. By PAUL R. LEACH. Reilly. 1930. $4.

Written in "campaign biography" style, this account of a man who rose from a humble law office in Lincoln, Nebraska, to be Comptroller of the Currency, organizer and head of one of Chicago's leading banks, general purchasing agent for the American army in France, author of the German reparation plan known by his name, Vice-President, and Ambassador to Great Britain, gives a lively and on the whole accurate story of the career of Charles G. Dawes and the events with which it is connected. The episode which made Dawes a political figure was his success in winning Illinois for McKinley in the nomination compaign of 1896 in the face of Cullom's "favorite son" candidacy. But when he resigned as Comptroller of the Currency to try for the Senate, he was defeated and not until the World War, fifteen years later, did he again become a national personage. In fact, his name did not become familiar to the mass of his countrymen until he was nominated for Vice-President in 1924. His inaugural address, a sensational attack on the Senate rules for imposing practically no limit on debate, was the opening gun in a picturesque but unsuccessful fight.

This book presents him as the country knows him—dynamic, resourceful, impatient of stupidity, inefficiency, or pettiness. Its author, political writer on the Chicago *Daily News*, ought to be more careful than to say that Presidents have "often graduated to their high office from the Senate"; very few of them have done so.

Fiction

AFTER WAR. Translated from the German of LUDWIG RENN. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $2.50.

This book, by the German author of "War," would appear to be a literal account of the author's experiences with various groups in the drifting and more or less bewildering period immediately following the breakdown of the German imperial army. The return of the German soldiers to the interior, the Kapp Putsch, and other episodes of those disturbed days are seen, not in perspective, but from the inside, and the limited outlook of a soldier, uprooted and hopeless, who finally drifted into Communism.

There is little or no characterization, description, or supporting atmosphere—simply an individual's record, largely in dialogue, of his little ups and downs, from day to day. For Germans who lived through the same period and themselves supply the background, Renn's narrative may well have historical value and story interest. The average American reader gets as little notion from Renn's record of what actually was going on as the average German reader would get of contemporary corruption in New York, from, let us say, some Manhattan patrolman's literal and unelaborated record of orders received and conversations held during the past two or three years.

STRANGE COMBAT. By SARAH SALT. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $2.50.

This book, which is about people horribly weak, horrifyingly futile, leaves an impression of clear, hard strength. From the first page, with its etched picture of an ordinary boy out of an ordinary job, to the last with its fierce, blind tragedy, there is no faltering in the swift pace Miss Salt sets for herself.

It is almost annoying to find one's self so intense over people like these. Why should one sympathize with Jane? She is a fool, a failure; a weakling. And then there's Andrew . . . of all the deadly bores! He is a perfect case of arrested development. They can be met, Jane and Andrew and their half-baked, besotted friends, at almost any speakeasy or Greenwich Village apartment, and we for one avoid them like the plague. But the book refuses to be put down; it demands a reading to the finish—that finale which is so mad, and so fitting, in its frenzied uselessness.

What is there to say about such a book? It is breathless, oppressive, tender, brutal. Miss Salt has the genius of sympathy for these worthless creations of hers. The scene at the prize fight is a little masterpiece of contradictory terms. Smells, blood, the child with lousy hair, shining sweat, the howling crowd out for its money's worth of carnage . . . and what does one get out of that unexpurgated description? Why, only heartrending pity for Andrew, who is beaten to a pulp, and for Jane, who is watching. It is not a description of a prize fight (though it is, and a good one), but merely a background against which the figures of Jane and Andrew stand out in full relief—as the most exciting scene becomes only a background to all of us during an intense emotional experience.

Not only is Miss Salt able to describe prize fights and drunken quarrels, but she is able to make children "talk true," an even rarer accomplishment. Jane's small niece and nephews are given the privilege of being normally human.

"Strange Combat" is a far from pleasant book, but it is a more complete experience than that speakeasy or that Greenwich Village studio.

LISA. By EDITH YOUNG. Morrow. 1931. $2.

Mrs. Young's first novel is a desperately serious chronicle of life in Bohemia, of the sort more common just after the war. It recalls some of the less successful pages of Mr. Floyd Dell's early efforts, or the novels of Mrs. Evelyn Scott. Its principal recommendation is its utterly sincere tone. In spite of a good many obvious hesitations and awkwardnesses in the telling, the book is plainly speaking the author's mind, giving us the deeply felt product of her thought, founded on a real desire to understand and illuminate a definite problem—that of two men in love with the same woman. For this straightforward avoidance of formulas and pleasing tricks Mrs. Young's work must be received with respect, though as a book it leaves much to be desired.

The author has chosen to tell most of the story in the first person, but instead of speaking as the woman in the case, handicaps herself greatly by attempting a narrative from the standpoint of one of the men. There is a disconcerting touch of the feminine in some of the supposedly male narrator's phrases and reactions, and the confusion is increased by the inclusion of some fragments from the girl's diary at the end of the book, after she is dead and the climax of the story is past. As a creator of character Mrs. Young succeeds best with her heroine, Lisa, who has at least taken on to the full a maddening air of mystery before we are through with her. Neither of the lovers, nor any of the supporting cast, all of whom seem a rather quibbling lot living for the analysis of their not very genuine emotions, ever become quite real. An intolerable air of intellectual pretension mars the earlier parts of the book; certainly no human beings talk or act as the guests at Mrs. Lessing's party do. The end is better, and the best writing of all is in the diary,

(*Continued on page 718*)

BOOKS THAT ARE TALKED ABOUT

The Grass Roof

by YOUNGHILL KANG

"The book is infused with a glowing intensity and color most unusual this side of the Thousand and One Nights. The description of village life has the enchantment of a lost paradise and the story of the author's student migrations more than suggests the picaresque adventures of a Huckleberry Finn. From intaglios of rural Korea the author turns to a bold panorama of Far Eastern experience, ranging from Seoul to Tokyo and Siberia."—JOHN CARTER in the *New York Times*.
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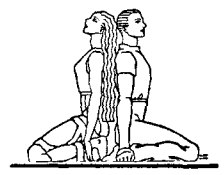

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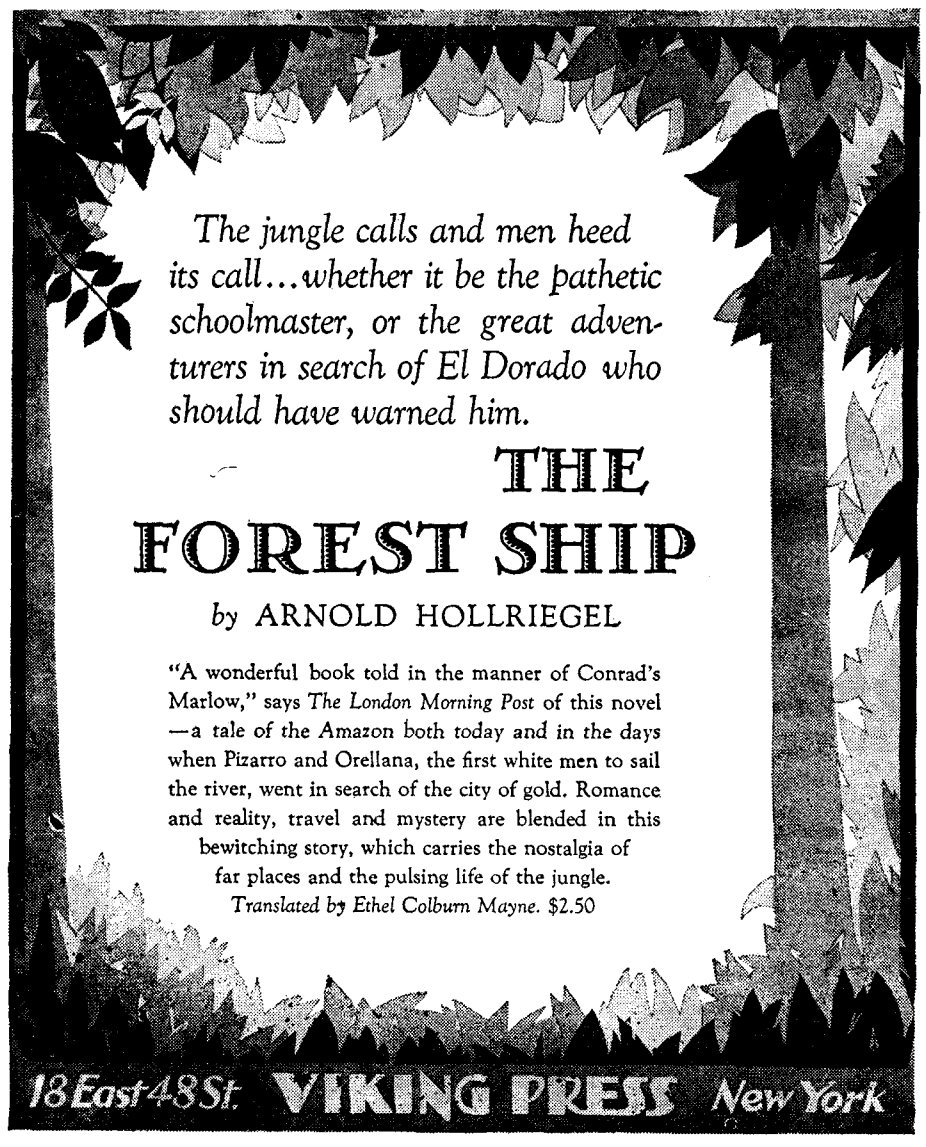
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Points of View

The Other Side of the Shield

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have just been reading "Jeremiah Tries Reading." I live in a little house on a side road in the country. To the west and south and east the view is unobstructed for miles as we live on a high place, sort of a hill. I read that article, and then I looked out across the hills—toward Chicago, where the crime of the age is supposed to be centered. Between here and there are—how many folks? I have no idea. But—plenty. Most of them troubled by the depression, but—all right folks.

I have looked out toward the neighboring farms and wondered what the people living upon them would say about that rather amazing first paragraph of your article. The crime and muck of the age isn't half as well known as it imagines it is! If you were to ask me the most important news item of the day right now—and I answered what was uppermost in my mind—I would reply, "The Stewarts lost a sow last night." The fact that four new little pigs are without a mother today is far more important than that there's a political mess in Washington or that some well insured bank was robbed last night. And that is humanity. Everything you say in that first paragraph is true. But—there is never a picture with but one side.

The chief reason no writer has tried to write sanely is that the curse of syndicated newspapers is upon us and there is no humanity, no sense of honor, no personality at all in that sort of thing. Its just a huge, vicious monster with a fiendish lust for dividends. Any organization without personality, without individuals personally responsible to the people of their community or audience, is going to be a menace. It can't be otherwise. Nothing matters but dividends. All right—more papers sell with lurid, exciting stories than with sane news. It's nobody's fault. It's a condition of national mind. And writers must cater to that mind if they expect publicity and sales. Now, we are beginning to realize the damaging effects, and we suddenly sit up and look about and take notice of the wrong phases of the movies, the radio, the papers, and magazines. If we could stop syndicated news, we would see and hear a very different world. If we had a newspaper in our town which printed news of our town, we would have murder stories so seldom we would remember them for years. As it is, we have no local paper. Our newspaper is a Scripps affair, and we get a few local items if they happen to feel in the mood to print them. Every small city is the same now. All crime is advertised like a *Graf Zeppelin.* Well—if we would all stop reading it, talking it, or listening to it—there is nothing so sure to kill as silence, the ignoring of a subject.

It's been a terrible year. We are one of the less than average families caught in the whirl and left stranded, and there isn't any open way out, so far. We have no salary checks and no money, but an alarmingly increasing stack of debts. If we were to tune in on those speakers on the radio who tell us just how tragic the conditions are we might feel so sorry for ourselves that we would take poison, or try to hold up oil stations or join some "red" group so we might yell about it all. But we happen to be interested in flowers and gardens and baby chicks and getting some wren houses up, and the airedale got hurt in a fight, and there are woods to watch for the appearance of some Eriginia bulbosa, and a neighbor who can use some help cutting wood.

No, we don't need to make more laws, nor reform anything seriously. We need to laugh at ourselves, and make a garden. Have you any idea how many folks are going to make gardens this spring for the first time, at least in years? When the cities were booming, the farms were deserted. Now, everybody who had a bit of land has gone back to it, and those who didn't, have bought or rented some. Potato bugs and tomato worms are marvellous competition to interest in lesser criminals. If some of the leading writers of pessimism would only join some good horticultural society it would just about save the country! As that is one of my own pet hobbies, I happen to know more of that than of any other phases, and I know so many interesting things, fascinating things, of far more importance than worrying over a deplorable phase which will pass soon. No one phase ever lasted forever yet! It's so big a world we can still find whatever we look for, I think. It would be nice and quite a glorious thing if someone would write beautifully about all the lovely things which are true about us Americans, but no book is read by everybody, so ever so many folks would never know it had been written. Life is a heap like the radio, isn't it? We tune in, or out, according to our individual tastes. I tune in on talks by a fine old gardener, by tree and flower experts, also the music of symphonies and certain folk singers. Often there are voices telling me it isn't safe to be alive or that the country has been sold out by somebody for some reason. Well, if I listen to or read that sort of thing a while I always have to take the dog and go for a walk back over the hills and smell the trees and feel the good, solid earth and remind myself that, regardless of the static, the great god Pan is piping on the river's brim just as truly now as a million years ago or hence.

We are travellers; why should we take our vehicle, named Earth, so very solemnly? We will have finished the journey before the worst happens anyhow! We have taken ourselves too seriously. I wonder if we have been a bit too sure of our own importance? We make such wise-sounding statements about the universe and human nature and religion and all the rest of it, when, if we would just go to some gypsy camp and follow their pattern for a season we would learn that after all there isn't any problem but of our own making. Let us go to a hilltop with Walt Whitman, on his birthday this spring maybe, and realize that so long as there are Leaves of Grass—God's in the same old heaven, and behaviorism is expressing human conceits today, and always. But presently there will be tulips. And new radishes and lettuce, and the earth will produce food and foliage and flowers. Politics and crime may go on, but regardless of anything, the *important* fact in creation is that Spring is sure, and almost here.

I seem to have written half a book. I didn't mean to do that. But it is a gray day, and time means little out here on the hilltops.

I wish magazines wouldn't run unsigned articles. Now I have to write some sort of inane sounding request for some clerk to figure out because I do not know who I want my letter given to! Please tell somebody who may know how to make the wheels go 'round that I want to vote—emphatically—for signatures!

ETHELYN RINN.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

P. S. Maybe I'd better not start asking for votes. I haven't paid for my paper and so can't be a "member in good standing." When I was a child, people took eggs or potatoes to the editor. I wonder if I couldn't send the editor a hen or maybe some nice, green onions. I have never seen the home of a New York editor—not a really editor—but as I have seen everything else in the world on fire escapes there, I would think a perfectly good editor would be able to keep a few hens on the fire escape!

Verbum Sap

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Won't you please pass along to the person who has been writing the mournful editorials about the bitter seasoning of hate in modern American fiction, the following story from our collection of family anecdotes? Ask him to remember not only the well-known axiom that hate is much more pungent literary flavoring than good-will, but this little tale of international cookery when next he speaks about the dull pens and pallid diluted talents of those few writers who still, once in a while, feel that they can bear up and enjoy their meals even though living in the U. S. A. and belonging to the human race.

A cousin of my father's, a great favorite with that generation of our family, went to Mexico years ago as a mining engineer. He was in charge of an important undertaking, which kept him far in the back regions of the country. Adaptable, energetic, interested in his work, proud of his success in it, he rather enjoyed those Mexican years—all but the cooking. Every letter that came back was full of laments over the amount of red pepper and other fiery condiments with which Mexican cooks spoiled (for him) the excellent raw materials they used. Racial habits are hard to change, cooking habits are impossible to change. He tried rewards, he tried dire threats, but of course as everybody of experience would have known to begin with, his food continued to taste, as he used to say in his wistful letters home, as though it were Vesuvius and Mt. Aetna in full eruption. "Take chicken!" he would write in those homesick letters. "When I see the cook plucking a chicken, I can just taste one of Aunt Martha's fricassees—that gravy made with cream, poured over her biscuits! The tears fairly come to my eyes when, at dinner-time I get—what I always get at dinner-time: the same old mouthful of red-hot hell."

Or soup. "If I can just live," ran his nostalgic refrain, "till I have had a plateful of tomato-bisque soup, full of the real savory flavor of ripe tomatoes, instead of this one everlasting Mexican flavor of red pepper!"

Well, after so long a time, he came home. I well remember the dinner which was prepared for him by his devoted family, one of the banner dinners of my childhood. It was late August, happily, just the season for the best broilers. And tomatoes hung red-ripe on all the vines. What a pleasure it was to everyone to prepare a perfect home dinner, just the kind that Cousin George loved, just the dishes he had so often written about from his tropical exile! Such golden-brown, white-fleshed chicken. Such rich full-flavored gravy. And such a tomato soup! Made out of ripe tomatoes and summer cream. Suave, smooth, spicy.

Cousin George's eye lighted up when he saw it. "Ah, this is getting back to God's country!" said he, dipping his spoon in.

I don't need to tell you what he said. You foresaw it accurately from the first of this story. So I won't tell you, except that it rapidly ran the gamut from "Seems as though this soup was a little flat, isn't it? Pass me the salt, will you," to a "Great Scott, what's the matter with this chicken! No taste *to* it!" And ended with—of course, what did you expect?—"Why, everything on this table tastes like so much bread-dough! For Heaven's sake, somebody give me some red pepper!"

MARTHA HULME.

"Pompilia and Her Poet"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

My "Pompilia and Her Poet," reviewed in your issue of March 21st, should have been ascribed to Brentano's. I wrote you that the change was made one month after the book appeared but evidently word did not reach your reviewer. I enjoyed his summary tremendously. After an unbroken chorus of praise in letters and reviews, I had begun to fear something was wrong with a book that could not arouse antagonism anywhere. I am reassured by his wiping it off the map in that delightful last sentence: "It is only just to add that a book which under no circumstances could have possessed real value has profited rather than lost by its allocation to Miss Gaylord."

There are a lot of circumstances in life remote from an esoteric scholar, but I value sturdy denunciation as a tribute. However as Brentano's can't sell Miss Gaylord and want to sell the book, do let me say that I made it most emphatic in the preface and on the jacket that I wrote "Pompilia and Her Poet" unpretentiously in the hope of making the Brownings enjoyable to the myriads who, in 1931, either do not know them or who have the mistaken impression that they are intellectual giants to be shunned. I have been surprised and delighted to have Browning scholars like William Lyon Phelps, Richard Burton, John Hall Wheelock, Dr. Armstrong of Baylor, Dr. Russell of Stanford, Dr. Fairchild of the University of Missouri, and many others appreciate my intent and acclaim my book in lectures, comments, and reviews. "De Gustibus—!"

HARRIET GAYLORD.

Yonkers, New York.

"Lo Cunto de li Cunti"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

At the suggestion of the Librarian of Congress I am venturing to ask your help in tracing copies of any editions of the following work in any libraries in America, not mentioned in the Union catalogue of the Library of Congress. The work in question is: Giovan Battista Basile [Gian Alesio Abbattutis] "Lo Cunto de li Cunti" (or) "Il Pentamerone." The first edition appeared in Naples in 5 parts (1634-1636) while the most recent reprint was that issued in 1927 in New York (Burton's English translation).

Cav. Benedetto Croce and myself are preparing a new edition with full bibliographical details. It is for these latter that I am writing to you for information.

N. M. PENZER.

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Young Germany

By Henrietta B. von Klenze

THREE books have appeared within the last few months which serve—taken together—to flash a searchlight over certain significant reactions of the youngest generation to come to maturity since the war and—perhaps even more the "peace"—set German life to a new tune.

Hans Johst, already well known for his dramas, among which his fairly recent "Tomas Paine" is of especial interest in America, has painted in gray colors—but not without a melancholy charm—a dying generation. In "So Gehen Sie Hin" (München: Albert Lange. 1930) whose subtitle "Ein Roman vom Sterbenden Adel" might be translated "Tale of a Dying Aristocracy," a group of noblemen and their families—some German, some exiles from Russia—who have found a last refuge on the shores of the beautiful Starnberg See in the neighborhood of Munich seem literally to fade away like the last remnants of snow in the April sun.

It is hardly correctly named a "novel" since the trickling plot does not serve to focus the characters. Rather is it a series of sketches, tenuous as the lives of the actors themselves who seem like players left behind after the curtain has gone down and the audience has gone home by some oversight. These people have all had their day. The men have served and some with bravery in the war. The women have been leaders of society; their ease of manners, their unconscious elegance clings as close as ever during a picnic in the woods when the princess builds the fire and the duke cooks the mushrooms while they discuss their waning fortunes with humor and a lightness of touch that yet fails to conceal their desperate plight. "What training have we had that would enable us to make our living in this modern world, even if we were perfectly willing to 'do anything'?" asks one of the group. And a careful stocktaking reveals of marketable assets hardly enough to equip a chauffeur. So they drift as long as maybe, selling their last belongings, dismissing servants. The princess finally goes back to her American home where by letters she can maintain intact her really tender relations with her aging husband—relations that easily survived an occasional infidelity, but which she dare not put to the test of living a life together in dinginess. The Russian nobleman uses his last nest egg—a sudden windfall in the shape of an entirely forgotten investment made in the old prosperous days—to go on a little trip to Paris with the young duchess. Meanwhile the executioners take possession of his villa—what would have been the use to stave them off with the sum that paid for the Paris trip? And after the trip and its disillusionment he turns chauffeur. The duchess becomes the really tragic figure. Her little spree has shown her the futility of a mere change of venue. Now for the first time in her life the seriousness of life becomes apparent. Her not very prepossessing husband appeals as after all a sterling character and a refuge. But it is too late. To save his face she has foresworn herself on her return. Both know it, but according to their code it is not talked out. Instead she is "accidentally" drowned while skating and the two widowers (the duke and the prince) go to Italy to vegetate till the end. Only two—characteristically the two youngest—of the group promise to find their way in a world where work becomes the *noblesse oblige* of a new generation but where their old ideals of fidelity to a definitely conceived code of honor—whether its premises receive universal approbation or not—will still give them a basis on which to build a new life.

There is a loveliness not altogether unlike that of the "Cherry Orchard" in this autumnal scene. And the charm of their manners, the delicate courtesy of their intercourse, the grace and humor of their conversation, the exquisite taste of their surroundings make one wonder regretfully whether the modern world is not losing something very precious in the "Fading Aristocracy."

At the very opposite end of the scale stands Arnold Bronnen's "Rossbach. Der Spielmann des Neuen Reiches" (Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt. 1930). If Johst's tale was played on muted strings this is a song set to martial music. Rossbach, a very much alive person whose story is told partly in the form of an interview, partly as a modern epic, was an officer in the war and a freelance on threatened border districts where, as on the Polish frontier, active fighting between bands was going on long after peace was signed. He was a rebel against constituted authority long before the war, being ejected out of his military school for insubordination and taking up his military career again upon his private initiative. He belonged to the generation of young officers who came to their majority about 1910 and who felt stirring in them the rebellious spirit which marked the civilian youth of that day and which must have been particularly trying to the military authorities. To them "initiative" became the watchword instead of "theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die." This spirit is admirably depicted by the dramatist Fritz von Unruh—himself a member of this generation—in his dramas: "Die Offiziere" (1912) and "Prinz von Preussen" (1914).

After the collapse of Germany, the Revolution, the Treaty that tore away large sections of Germans from the mother land and condemned Germany to remain virtually unarmed in the midst of enemies armed to the teeth, such men as Rossbach found it hard to believe that these conditions were to be permanent and irremediable. Hence he became for five years a freelance, ready to take part in any *Putsch*—whether Kapp, Hitler, Ludendorff or whatever—that promised to bring relief to insupportable conditions. Finally in 1923 he became convinced that the time for such uprising was definitely over. In Munich, after the defeat of the last *Putsch*, it came to him that a consolidated government had emerged from the chaoes. And when Hindenburg became president, he definitely gave up his defiance—but not his hopes of a rejuvenated and invigorated homeland.

Now comes a most characteristically German note into the activities of this undefeated youth. He disbands his military followers and forms—a Spielschar, i.e., a wandering band of musicians, singers. What country but Germany would at so desperate a time see in music the hope for a regeneration of its youth? It is a rejuvenation with modifications of the German *Wandervogel* movement with a goodly injection of Boy Scout ideas. The style of the narrative is terse, vital, dynamic, and suggests Spring to the other's Autumn.

This same spirit of youthful hope and dare forms the substance of the third book to be discussed here: Frank Matzke's "So Sind Wir" (Leipzig: Reclam. 1930). Its subtitle "Jugend Bekennt" could be rendered "Youth's Program." It is both a program and an exposition of the young generation's beliefs and disbeliefs. The outstanding impression on the reader is one of gallant courage, the courage that comes up smiling in desperate situations. An old verse serves as a motto for one chapter: "I live and know not how long; I die and know not when; I go and know not whither; I wonder I can be so gay." Not gaiety but cheeriness is the prevalent tone of this confession. "We are of the generation that saw the war from the rear only, that ran about playgrounds when the big killing was going on," but that came into its adolescence in a world in chaos, a world bereft of its old faiths, its old values. A world that had to be reconstructed from the very bottom. Oswald Spengler's "Untergang des Abendlandes" became their cosmos and they neither had the faith in the orthodox God of their forebears (in the most literal sense we can say "we have lost our God") nor can they accept the nineteenth century's substitute "Progress." For the impressions of their childhood and youth make them doubt whether any progress in any real sense can be claimed for the world they found. Often the far past seems to them to show a more advanced humanity than their own day or that of their immediate predecessors. But since they must live in this world—whether it be the best or the worst of all possible worlds they have no means of determining—they mean to live gallantly and unafraid but also, as far as possible, unfooled. So they refuse all calls upon their sentiment or all claims to penetrate their inward reserve. And this demand for reserve and objectivity is related to the new moral code evolved by themselves after the debacle of the old order. "We do not believe in license—not because we are afraid of punishment now or hereafter, but because we have an instinct for decency and cleanliness. But we will not accept your tenets on your mere say so. We will examine for ourselves whether chastity is an absolute value or not. But we know already that decency is a reward unto itself."

One very grateful element in the "Confession" is the author's realization that these values are as relative as were those of the past. "We are but a wave in the stream that is without beginning and without end. But this one wave—our wave—is at the moment in the ascendant. For a moment it rests and all about it are only valleys. This moment is our own. . . . Before we ourselves have disappeared, our time will have passed. Another wave will sweep ours away. We are no more the beginning of a new world epoch than were our predecessors. We simply are alive now."

Professor H. J. C. Grierson, who selects the books to be awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prizes, has been Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Edinburgh University since 1915. This year the fiction prize went to Miss E. H. Young's "Miss Mole," and that for biography to Major Francis Yeats-Brown's "Bengal Lancer."

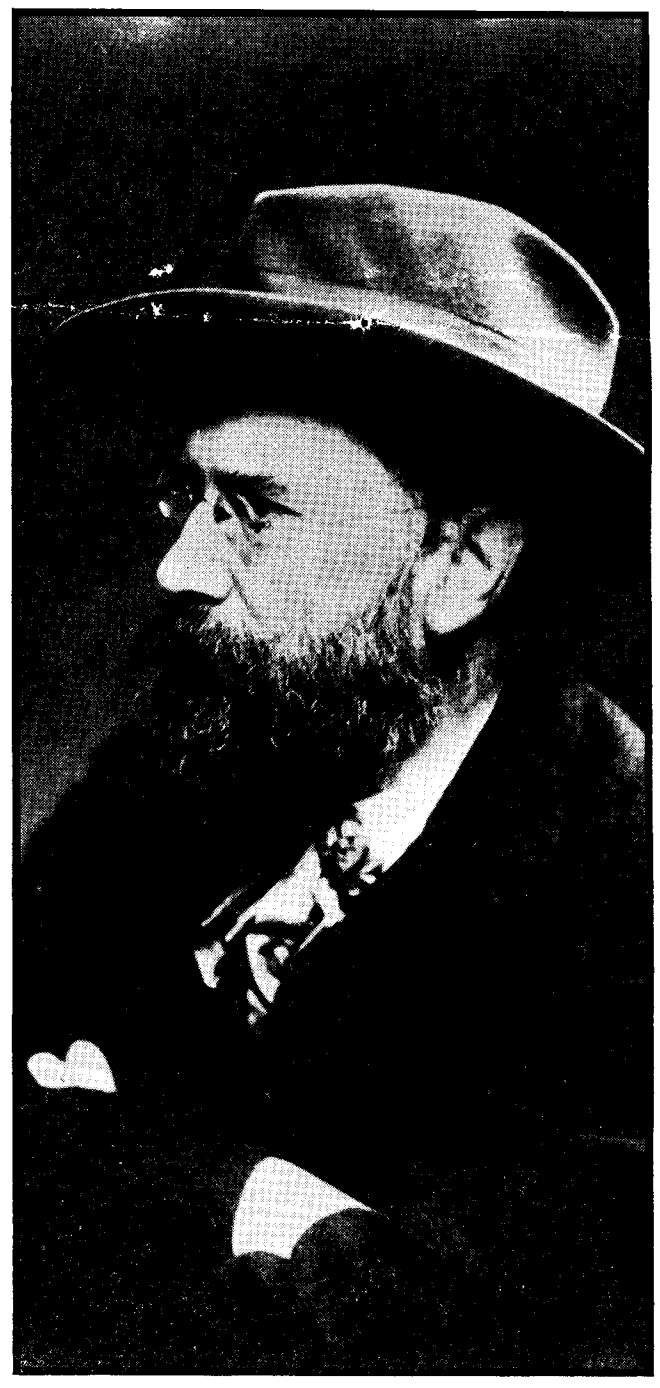
A NEW BOOK

by A. E. (George Russell) of whom THE SATURDAY REVIEW said:

"What a grand Irishman he is—an economist who believes in fairies, a farmer who writes poetry, an editor whose politics are the result and not the hope of his life."

A. E.

(GEORGE RUSSELL)



This Irish poet, philosopher, essayist, artist, and agricultural economist is now delighting American audiences on a lecture tour of this country, and American readers with his new volume of poetry, *Vale and Other Poems,* which has just been published. "It seems to be," says the *New York World-Telegram,* "a distillation of the essential quality of all his poetic work."

Books By A. E.

VALE AND OTHER POEMS	$1.50
COLLECTED POEMS	$3.75
THE CANDLE OF VISION	$2.00
THE INTERPRETERS	$1.75
VOICES OF THE STONES	$1.25
THE NATIONAL BEING	$1.75

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 715*)

where the author's natural lyric bent is exercised to the full. It is clear that Mrs. Young has both the desire and the vision necessary to write a first-rate novel. Her failure in this initial effort is evidently due not so much to a lack of talent or material as to an overanxious desire to be psychologically correct, which robs her narrative of naturalness. Its occasionally memorable phrases give clear promise of better things to come.

DAMNED LITTLE FOOL. By COSMO HAMILTON. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $2.

Subtitled "A Tragic Comedy," this urbane, engaging story poses a rare, but credible, marital difficulty for its central situation and works out the problem to a logical, inevitable, unforced conclusion. Ronny, chivalrous Englishman of thirty-three, a confirmed one-woman man, married to Rosita, a spoiled, undeveloped virago twelve years his junior, though still deeply in love with her, submits to the ordeal of providing grounds for divorce in order that the feckless girl may have full freedom to pursue the happiness her callow nature craves. With his secretary—the same young, handsome, devoted woman who had voluntarily served as an innocent correspondent in the collusive divorce—Ronny seeks peace and forgetfulness in his villa at Mentone. But his ex-wife, unaware of his impending visit there, is already installed in the house, while a prospective second husband and numerous well-meaning busybodies of their acquaintance are also gathered, expectantly, in the vicinity. Of course, the outcome of the story, from first to last, is never in doubt, but much bright and beguiling dialogue, a number of first-rate studies in feminine portraiture, and a skilfully sustained atmosphere of consistent aliveness, render the book the most competent and thoroughly readable novel the author has published in the past half-dozen years.

JAVA GIRL. By BARON W. THOE SWARTZENBERG and MARY BENNETT HARRISON. Brentano's. 1931. $2.

The note of saccharine bathos and sentimentality which pervades this novel, whose venerable theme is that of miscegenation in the tropics, excludes the book from serious consideration either as a work of fiction or as a thesis designed to point the evils inevitable to temporary unions between white men and the women of an alien race. The scene is Java, whither, from Holland to his elder brother's prosperous plantation in the interior, comes dandified young Réné, who soon acquires a voluptuous Javanese girl for his mistress. It is the troubled progress of their illicit love affair which fills the bulk of the story. No attempt is made to deal intelligibly or artistically with the formidable problems underlying the book's tawdry and shallow surface.

THE LITTLE TOWN. By HEINRICH MANN. Translated from the German by WINIFRED RAY. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $2.50.

Heinrich Mann's book is a long narrative of amorous intrigues, quarrels, and conflicts supposed to arise when a group of opera singers visits a small Italian town. The story somewhat closely resembles a movie, being told chiefly in visual images—gestures, motions, movements of groups—and in conversations. We follow the inner experience of one of the characters, Nello Gennari, who is in love. A sickly affair, it is exaggerated and distorted into the likeness of a feverish dream.

EROS INVINCIBLE. By RICARDA HUCH. Macaulay. 1931. $2.

A novel on the old-fashioned scale, going slowly and thoroughly about its business of making us familiar with the lives of its characters is rarely found nowadays. Ricarda Huch's "Eros Invincible"—it had a less flamboyant title originally in German—is such a novel. Not that it is particularly engrossing in plot or style, since Frau Huch belongs to the romantic school, believing in quantity rather than quality of words. But the general effect is pleasing, the case of the heroine sufficiently understandable to awaken sympathy, and the background of the story colorful enough to lead us on from page to page (there are over three hundred of them) until at the end, in contentment, we feel that we have read something more considerable than the average novel of the day.

The reasons for this are not difficult to find. In the first place, Mr. William A. Drake has provided a good translation, and in the second, the author has stuck firmly to the outlines of her narrative and not attempted to introduce distracting secondary personages or episodes into the story. The Hanseatic family of Ursleu is outwardly somewhat similar to Thomas Mann's Buddenbrooks clan, but as personalities they are more interesting, more individual and erratic. The author's leanings toward romanticism are clearly shown in her heroine, the musically gifted Galeide. Her long love affair with her cousin Ezard, who is prevented for many years from marrying her by the family situation and his previous marriage, comes to an end abruptly just as its fulfilment is made possible by the death of his wife. Once more the romantic strain in Frau Huch's nature leads her to bestow her heroine, for a short time before the final tragedy, on a kind of shepherd, a youth from the Swiss mountains, possessed of great physical beauty and a sort of hypnotic power over the far more intelligent Galeide. The whole is admirably told, in a manner perhaps a trifle outmoded and cumbersome, but also convincing and complete.

Ricarda Huch's talent has many other sides, as readers of "The Deruga Trail" will attest, but in this novel, one of her most popular and successful, it is seen at its best. Like many of her contemporaries in Germany, she is perhaps more gifted as an organizer and analyst than as an inspired chronicler of human emotions, but at least her qualities are solid and lasting, like those of the nation from which she springs.

The Best Seller of 1931

Because it is a moving and dramatic story out of another world because a member of the Russian royal family has written intimately and vividly of the death of her dynasty

EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS

By MARIE, GRAND DUCHESS OF RUSSIA

because her own experiences are stranger than fiction because critics have acclaimed it universally this volume is now in its 103rd Thousand. Illustrated. $3.50

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International

CALIBAN IN AFRICA. By LEONARD BARNES. Lippincott. 1931. $3.

As a political tract, this work may have its place in South African politics. But it is difficult to understand just why it should be reissued in this country. It deals with issues and problems which are of less than tertiary concern to Americans, and it deals with them in a way which is calculated to throw more light on their bitterness than on their solutions.

The text certainly does not realize the author's claim to impartiality. It is "the Dutchman" who is the object of his incessant fusilade. "In essentials, he still belongs to the first half of the seventeenth century. He adapts himself to change far less readily then the Japanese, the Indian, or even the Turk under Mustapha Kemal's guiding hand. For sheer obscurantist conservatism the Afghan alone can hold a candle to him. History, for the Dutchman, consists of his treks, and the various encounters with his two arch-adversaries, the Briton and the native—no more."

The Afrikaner—and there is no doubt in the reader's mind that the Afrikaner is a "Dutchman"—is at various times "a typical monomaniac," "atrabilious," "mastered by his craze for mastery," "Calibanesque," "as anti-social as the jackal," and a "public menace as a trustee for any subject peoples."

Such is the tone of a volume which, while it demonstrates an unusual skill in the use of language, a skill amounting to real literary quality, is nevertheless essentially a piece of bitterly partisan political diatribe.

POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF THE WORLD: 1931. Edited by WALTER MALLORY. New Haven: Yale University Press for the Council on Foreign Relations. 1931. $2.50.

This, the fourth annual volume of the series of Political Handbooks, maintains the high standard set by its predecessors in giving in compact form the essential facts of governments, parties, and the press in all countries of the world. In addition, the present volume contains a section on the League of Nations.

The one striking lack in the present organization of the Handbook is the omission of the names and party affiliations of the Cabinets. This information would be extremely useful to those working in the field of international affairs and even if changes occur with some frequency in a few countries, it would help in estimating the character of such changes.

Religion

BELIEF UNBOUND: A Promethean Religion for the Modern World. By WILLIAM PEPPERELL MONTAGUE. Yale University Press. 1930. $1.50.

These Terry lectures are, to put it mildly, disappointing. In them Dr. Montague, who is a professor of philosophy at Columbia University, attempts to make a new religion, fitted to what he thinks are the demands of "the modern spirit." This is rather a worse performance than such things usually are.

Dr. Montague is handicapped by an inadequate knowledge of theology. He is one of those intent on abandoning the religions of the past without bothering to discover what those religions have been. He begins by saying that every religion is a mixture of physics and ethics, thus reducing religion to a mere system of thought, which of course no religion on earth ever has been or is. Toward the end of his volume he somewhat hesitantly admits to his new faith mystical intuitions, but he arbitrarily limits these to such intuitions as happen to support his own energistic pantheism. If mysticism backs him up it is reputable—if not, it is bad, even false. If this be the sort of thing which is demanded by the modern temper, all that any honest man can say is, so much the worse for the modern temper. It is also plain that the author continuously confuses Calvinism with Christianity, a very common mistake in "modern" circles. Dr. Montague might well contemplate St. Francis, read St. Theresa, and look into the life and teaching of an ordinary Catholic parish, or of a contemporary Protestant one, for that matter. He would be quite astonished. He might then discover that Christians of the great tradition believe no more than he does in a bogie God who hates His world and denies the validity of the life force.

It is not unusual to find philosophers on Morningside ignorant about religion. It is a bit more surprising to perceive that Dr. Montague is also mistaken about the significance of the Promethean myth. He thinks that Prometheus was a hero who defied the gods in a strife toward a larger and more loving life. As a matter of fact, Prometheus was one of the gods who revealed that divine compassion has its place on Olympus. Prometheus is not a rebel. Dr. Montague has read his Byron more carefully than his Æschylus.

Books Briefly Described

THE DRUM BOOK. By SATIS N. COLMAN. New York: John Day Co. 1931.

A book prepared for children's schools but containing a most interesting survey of the use of the drum throughout the world. The last chapters are practical exercises in the use of the drum.

MASTER MINDS OF MODERN SCIENCE. By T. C. BRIDGES and H. H. TILTMAN. New York: Dial Press. 1931. $3.

Brief studies of the biography and achievement of a group of modern scientists in fields as diverse as botany, television, physics, radioactivity, and engineering.

THE GRAND NATIONAL 1839-1930. By DAVID H. MUNROE. New York: Huntington Press. 1931.

An elaborately illustrated record with statistics of the famous sporting classic, The Grand National Steeplechase, with special articles on both horses and jockeys. One excellent print in color is the frontispiece.

PICTURES AND PEOPLE: A Transatlantic Crisscross Between Roger Hinks in London and Naomi Royde-Smith, in New York, Boston and Philadelphia During 1930. New York: Harper. 1931. $5.

Letters vivaciously written, especially Miss Royde-Smith's, which deal with her expedition through the United States in search of good pictures and reports from her correspondent as to what was going on at home. The point of view is original, the observation is fresh, and there is not only a good deal of shrewd comment on the American scene but much surprising information as to little known collections of pictures in the United States. The book is elaborately illustrated by pictures of paintings and of scenes and is as interesting as it is original.

BONERS: Being a Collection of Schoolboy Wisdom. Compiled by DR. SEUSE. New York: Viking Press. 1931. $1.

This is the last and one of the best contributions to that fount of ancient humor, the schoolboy mind as it works in the examination period. We should like to review it more extensively but to begin to quote would be to go on for a column. Furthermore, any one with experience knows that these adolescent misadventures are probably genuine. Some of them are wise, as for instance, "A Metaphor is a suppressed smile," or "A Prodigal is the son of a priest."

STORY OF NEAR EAST RELIEF, 1915-1930. By JAMES L. BARTON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $3.50.

Described as a narrative in American philanthropy, this is a complete story of the extraordinary effort by which 130,000 orphan children were taken care of and one of the most calamitous situations in modern times made less disastrous than would otherwise have been the case. This is an authoritative statement and should go into American libraries.

(*Continued on page 723*)

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*

M. W. F., Springfield, Mass., is coming to New York to see "The Barrets of Wimpole Street" and asks for books about the Brownings to read beforehand. She has seen a mention of one, "Pompilia," and asks if it is reliable.

IF you will look back through the columns of this department, you will find a fairly long list of Browning books; since then "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (Little, Brown) in play form has proved a best-seller. I still think Mrs. Boas's "Elizabeth Barrett Browning" (Longmans, Green) the best biography for general use, and a handbook for beginners. "Pompilia and Her Poet," by Harriet Gaylord (Brentano), recently appeared: it is a retold version of "The King and the Book" with a section giving a life of both Brownings.

R. O. W., Auburndale, Mass., and several others, ask for brief lists of books other than novels, for circulation and discussion in reading clubs.

"MY Story," by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Farrar & Rinehart), is the safest choice if the choosing committee desires really to please the greater number of subscribers to a reading circle that takes in biography as part of its equipment but does not make a feature of it. It is the kind of book that would circulate quickly, for one goes through it in a happy rush, were it not likely to be kept until every other member of the family had read it. For literary biographies I have found especial rewards in Herbert Read's "Wordsworth" (Cape-Smith), because it is really a biography of his poetry rather than of the comparatively torpid course of his life—after his Spring spate, in the story of "Mrs. Gaskell and Her Friends," by Elizabeth Haldane (Appleton), with its face-to-face views of the Brontës and others, and in Jean Temple's "Blue Ghost" (Cape-Smith), a study of Lafcadio Hearn. For a good political shocker, give me "Master of Manhattan," by Lothrop Stoddard (Longmans, Green), a life of Richard Croker; I keep it on the shelf of suchlike books from which I could, I suppose, draw consolation for the present in contemplation of parts of the past—this is a shelf enlivened by Emanie Sachs's "The Terrible Siren"—but then most of the books on it are fairly lively. Agnes Laut's "Cadillac" (Bobbs-Merrill) is a rousing good historical biography.

If it is desired to place on the list one book about which there is fairly certain to be a sharp and stimulating row, let it be "Jungle Ways," by William Seabrook (Harcourt, Brace), for how anyone could go cannibal with such attention to culinary detail and not expect to start some kind of a row, I don't see. I had just been reading the printed version of Lynn Riggs's play, "Green Grow the Lilacs" (French), one of the most important American contributions yet offered by the Theatre Guild to the New York stage, and it is interesting to trace a possible jungle lineage for the shivaree scene in this admirable melodrama. I am using this word in its original sense, as of a play in which the drama is floated on a flood of song, and because that is just what floats this drama I suggest it to reading-clubs interested in experiments in playwriting.

If the circle has on its list of novels "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," by Grace Zaring Stone (Bobbs-Merrill), and Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth" (Viking), let them add "The Grass Roof," by Younghill Kang (Scribner), a first-hand biographical record by a Chinese gentleman. They could with advantage include a book from the winter list, Lady Hosie's "Portrait of a Chinese Lady" (Morrow), for this has permanent value for library purposes.

Now three top-liners, any one of which would keep a club busy for the better part of a season, or charm a solitary reader for weeks to come. The first is the charming "Theatre Street," by Tamar Karsavina (Dutton), a record of experience with the Russian ballet, in three stages of development; at school as a little girl, in the Marinsky Theatre, and on the road of the world. It is the only book I know that survives unimpaired a Barrie introduction; usually he makes the foreword so much more attractive than what comes after, that what does come is something of a disappointment. But though this time he has done his delightful best, she has done even better, and the result is one of the most engrossing books in years. The second is "Men and Memories," by William Rothenstein (Coward-McCann), of which all I need to say is that if you are a one-book buyer this year and can raise five dollars, let this be the book, if you look for endless entertainment, afforded by the contemplation close at hand of the great and not-too-great in the inexhaustible 'nineties, and forty-eight of the most beautiful and unexpected pictures, portraits of people you know now but did not know when they were young. Shaw, for instance, cock-sure and laughing; Cunninghame Graham, like a young Don Quixote; Yeats and Frank Harris, Max Beerbohm, and George Moore. The third is "If: Or History Rewritten" by various hands (Viking), and my advice to a group looking for a completely new and vastly provocative program based on a single book would be to take this work as a guide, read aloud and discuss each of its chapters, and see if history does not thereby come alive, supposing, of course, that the club contains some of those curious people by whom history is regarded as dead. See what might have happened, for instance, if Mary Queen of Scots had married Don John of Austria, as envisaged by Chesterton, or if Booth had not shot Lincoln (Milton Waldman), or if Louis XVI. had had an atom of firmness (Maurois), or if the Dutch had kept New Amsterdam (Van Loon), or, in a final burst of prophesy by J. C. Squire, if Bacon had really written Shakespeare and then in 1930 a college professor from Rhode Island had dug up a box at Gorhambury with the incontestable proofs. These guesses are far more than admirable fooling; they are sometimes looking-glass history.

H. H. E., St. Louis, Mo.; A. G. D., Toronto, Can., and A. M., Kalamazoo, Mich., ask for books on the literature of America from 1900 on.

THE latest one is "The New American Literature," by Fred L. Pattee (Century), which goes from 1890 to 1930, and takes in such subjects as the poets of transition, women novelists, Mencken, the short story, and the new school of biography. Professor Pattee's earlier work on American literature since 1870 is thus made complete; his style is adapted to rapid reading, and his opinions often make one stop and think—the best thing a book like this can do. Carl and Mark Van Doren's "American and British Literature since 1890" (Century) is an excellent manual to which I often refer. Two small books, "Contemporary British Literature" (Harcourt, Brace) and a companion volume on "Contemporary American Literature," give the principal writers in alphabetical order with lists of their work and in the case of the more important, brief suggestions for study; to this is added selected references to book reviews. Alfred Kreymborg's "Our Singing Strength" (Coward-McCann), a valuable history of American poetry published last year, has this year an accompanying anthology, "Lyra Americana" (Coward-McCann). Walter Prichard Eaton's "Drama in English" (Scribner) takes in more than the time specified in these requests, for its rapid survey runs from the first dramatic representations in churches for Eugene O'Neill: it makes a good theatregoer's assistant. For current plays nothing beats "The Best Plays of 1928-29" (Dodd, Mead), the offering for this year, edited by Burns Mantle; this annual has enough of the dialogue of ten leading plays to give, filled in with narrative, a rounded impression of the play; to these are added many plot synopses, play lists, and other annual data.

L. D., Cambridge, Mass., adding G. B. Stern's "Matriarch," "A Deputy Was King," and "Mosaic" (Knopf) to the list, says, "The geneological table is as much fun to trace as that of the Kings of England which I adored as a child."

MISS NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH reminds me that I unconsciously credited "The Green Graves of Balgowrie" to Mary instead of Jane Findlater, adding with perfect truth, "No matter! Jane and Mary will not care, for the two sisters are inseparable and the fame of the one is the fame of the other." Indeed, I never knew such curiously sympathetic collaboration as that of the Misses Findlater: I asked them some time ago how they wrote their joint novel "Crossriggs" (dedicated, by the way, to Kate Douglas Wiggin and Miss Smith), and it was clearly the result of a sort of combined personality.

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OPUS 7

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Tiggady Rue

By David McCord

CURIOUS, curious Tiggady Rue
Looks and looks in the heart of you;
She finds you good,
She finds you bad,
Generous, mean,
Grumpy, glad—
Tiggady Rue.

Curious, curious Tiggady Rue
Tells your thoughts and tell you you;
Elephant thoughts,
And spry and lean,
And thoughts made like a jumping bean:
Or wedgy ones
Slid in between—
She knows them, too,
If she looks at you,
Tiggady Rue.

Curious, curious Tiggady Rue
Tells your thoughts and tells you you;
When dusk is down
On field and town,
Beware!
Take care!
If she looks at you—
Tiggady Rue.

Reviews

THE MODERN A B C BOOK. By C. B. Falls. New York: John Day Co. 1930. $2.

THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER A B C. New York: The Triptych. 1930. 9 and 99 copies. 1930.

MY ZOO BOOK. London: Warne. 1930.

Reviewed by Carl Purington Rollins

SOME years ago Mr. Falls designed and issued an "A B C Book" which was acclaimed as an outstanding child's book. This year he has presented us with a "modern abecedarium," similar in general get-up to the first.

The modern note runs through the book: the lettering is in the new "sans-serif" form, and the subjects chosen are from the various objects the modern child is conversant with —engines, airplanes, submarines, and the like. The colors are gay and attractive and well printed.

Some of the pictures—such as the Harvester, the Kodak, and the Zeppelin—seem satisfactorily chosen as to subject, and handled with much skill and effectiveness. Others, such as the Dam and the X-ray, are not so happy. Exception must be taken to the pictures of the Tractor, the Locomotive, and the "Fire Pumper" (why not Fire Engines as simpler and more customary?), because they are represented in an unnatural perspective.

One primary objection may be raised against this book—that it is far too large for a child of the age to learn his A B C's from it. The small person likes a small object, and these posters, fine as many of them are, belong on a nursery wall, at some distance from the eye. Much as I admire Mr. Fall's ability, I cannot feel that this is a satisfactory book for small children.

It is customary for the publishers of books for small children to follow the lead of some of the psychologists and use very large type (and very large formats) for children's books. I believe that this is to perpetuate a misunderstanding of what size a child's book should be, and to allow the zeal of the advertiser and the bookseller to get the better of logical design. For two things result: in the first place, the average children's book shop display counters are over-crowded—each book trying to outshout the other until utter confusion reigns in the mind of mother and child; and in the second place the child, who likes small replicas of his parents' normal sized objects, is presented by adoring aunts and uncles with books which the average adult would scorn as too big to be practical.

Mr. Stone's reprint of an A B C book of 1793 issued in Glasgow would seem to be—in size at least—such a book as a very small person might adore. Perhaps it is too small, but I doubt it. Too small for the bookstore, perhaps, but the sort of thing to be carefullly treasured in the child's marvelous collection of incidentalia. Of course the pictures and the doleful, pious verse of the New England Primer are outmoded: they were never anything but atrocious. To grown-ups they now possess an amusing flavor of a vanished past. There is a suggestion here, it seems to me, for the publisher of books for small children.

"My Zoo Book" is one of a series (which may be old or new for ought I know—I picked them up recently in a book shop) of small A B C books which seems to me quite admirable alike in size, durability, drawing, subjects, and price—thirty-five cents. R.

Conducted by Marion Ponsonby

RAMA. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by L. J. Robbins

THIS is a short English version of the mighty Indian epic, the Ramayana. The full text has of course long been translated, but it is extraordinary that no good popular account for older children has been made available before. Mr. Mukerji's book meets a great need, and should be welcomed by discriminating parents and teachers.

The Ramayana is eternally alive. Throughout India, Burma, Siam, Indo-China, Java, everyone from prince to peasant knows the legend. It is an oral tradition familiar from early childhood. With the Mahabharata it is recited by strolling players and minstrels. It is the unchanging theme of the native theatre, of dances and shadow plays. Its incidents are carved and painted on temple walls and woven in tapestries and carpets. It is an integral part of the Orient and therefore should certainly be understood by children of the West as well as appreciated for its intrinsic merits.

The story is matchless. The gods and heroes are the equals of those of the Norse sagas and of the "Iliad," and the magic is as compelling as that of the "Arabian Nights." Ravana, the giant king of Lanka, or Ceylon, seizes Sita, the wife of Rama, the splendid hero who is Vishnu incarnate. Rama with his faithful brother Laksmana enlists the aid of the monkey cohorts and with Hanuman, their crafty general, begins a heroic siege of Lanka, which ends after innumerable reverses in the downfall of Ravana and the restoration of Sita, more constant than Helen, to her husband. The clear outline has been kept by elimination of the unessential incidents and interwoven stories of the original with its countless armies of characters. The moral side has been emphasized, though not too heavily; the final victory of right over wrong, the insistence on truth and the binding nature of the spoken word, the strength which comes from prayer, the courtesy of victor to vanquished, the honor due to the dead—ideals over which the West has no monopoly.

The book is very well written and goes along with a fine swing, in spite of a few solecisms and a rather too frequent use of Indian words with their English equivalents in parentheses. In his prelude, Mr. Mukerji has explained how the Ramayana was written in the legendary time of the poet Valmiki. With this clue and when familiar with the essentially flowery translation of the Indian idiom, most boys and girls should find this book a constant delight.

OPENING DAVY JONES'S LOCKER. By Thames Williamson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by Robert Cushman Murphy
American Museum of Natural History

MR. WILLIAMSON'S hero, Ted Farnum, a Baltimore boy scout of abnormal seriousness, wins selection as assistant on a schooner dedicated to submarine investigation. He sails southward to the Florida Keys, in company with an elderly professor, a youthful zoölogist, a Norwegian skipper, and a crew of one colored man! After their arrival at the destination, the summer is devoted to studies among the reefs, with the aid of such gear as nets, dynamite, cameras, an undersea chamber, and helmets (of the "Williamson" and "Dunn" types, respectively, both quite incorrectly described). The climax of Ted's achievements is to become an accomplished shallow-water diver.

The pedagogue method of the author is that of the "Rollo books"—if modern readers can remember so far. With almost unrelieved solemnity, questions are asked and replied to, or opportunities for better observation are pointed out. The result is a picture of the wealth and strangeness and beauty of life in tropical seas which will doubtless be a revelation to such boys and girls as read this book. Occasionally the dialogue reaches heights in which charm and accuracy combine, as, for example, in the young scientist's account of luminescent organisms, the extravagant fertility of certain fishes, or the change from travelling to sedentary habits undergone by many marine creatures during the process of growing up. There is also much interesting compilation of oceanic phenomena, including the always impressive story of the tile-fish holocaust.

So much—and the attractive pen drawings by Hubert Rogers—are about all that one can cite in favor of this book, for it teems with errors from cover to cover. Among the subjects with which the author shows a woeful lack of familiarity are, first, ships; second, "scientists"; third, the objects of contemporary marine research; fourth, the morphology, behavior, and life histories of most of the creatures of which he writes.

"They set the mainsheet," is an example of Mr. Williamson's seamanship. He apparently takes the main sheet to be a sail. His two-masted schooner requires no men in watches for her operation, and, although short-handed, she tows a thirty-foot motor boat on an ocean voyage! The author should learn that the anchor of a schooner is not "thrown out" by one man, nor casually "hauled up" by a man and a boy. In fact, no anchor is "thrown out"; there is always a piece of string or something tied to it when it's dropped. A donkey engine is not "hauled about" a ship's deck, but is very securely bolted—and stays there.

But the natural history misinformation is more serious, and it is difficult to select from a multitude of glaring examples. The tropics are *not* "where you find the greatest amount of marine life"; in general, the contrary holds. The dolphin is not a deep-sea fish, but emphatically a surface fish. The teeth of sharks are not "erected at will," nor does the functional tooth row "lie flat when not in use." The flounder's mouth does not "twist around" as the young fish assumes its new position. The author's conception of pressure, and his absurd statement that "a deep-sea fish gets along with his tremendous pressure simply because his tissues are so loosely made that the surrounding water penetrates them" shows no glimmer of true comprehension. Finally, his fantasy of shark and pilot fish, and the relation of the latter as guide, "nurse-maid" to the young sharks, and what not, is arrant nonsense. Such tales, and many more, are highly mischievous in a work that purports to instruct children.

THE THOUSAND MARCH. By Frederica de Laguna. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by Lloyd W. Eshleman

MRS. DE LAGUNA writes of the expedition of Garibaldi and his "redshirts," one of the most exciting episodes in history. Pietro Castelli and Theodore Lane, an American, go with "the Thousand" to conquer Sicily. Near Monreale the two become separated from their companions and aid a wounded Neapolitan captain. The plot develops after they themselves are captured, face a firing squad, and are saved by the captain. During a *squadre* attack they escape, and are spirited away in a manure cart by a patriotic Sicilian maiden. After much deprivation in the mountains they reach Garibaldi's force at Misilmeri. That night the attack on the Termini Gate begins, and the excitement of the barricades and much blood and thunder reign supreme. The story ends with the liberation of Lane's father, who had been imprisoned for liberal utterances.

This work is reminiscent of the G. A. Henty stories. There is a glorification of war present, and the old attitude that "our side" must be all right and the enemy all wrong. Of these the present reviewer does not approve. The author missed some fine chances for intrigue in failing to describe the machinations of Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, and Garibaldi in eluding enemy ships. The first and last chapters are very weak. A serious misrepresentation appears on page 6, where the author implies that the Austrians held Naples and Palermo in subjection. This is so evident that the blurb writer was deceived into stating that Garibaldi laid siege to Palermo "in attempting to free Italy from Austria." It is strange that such an error should have escaped so careful a publisher. The main thesis of the book seems to be that all Italians are upstanding, liberty-loving gentlemen, and all Austrians are tyrants.

It may be argued that historical exactitude is not important in children's books. The present reviewer, however, feels that it is more important for children than for grown-ups, who may be less stirred by emotions and better able to read with evaluation. Impressions gained in youth are often lasting, and therefore, in matters of history, should be true.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD. By Hawthorne Daniel. Illustrated by Emile Verpilleux. Macmillan. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Marion C. Dodd

WHICH of us has not at least once in childhood been thrilled by a story of Mont Saint Michel? And there seems always room for another to be added to the list, so naturally full of picturesque romance is the geographical and architectural setting of the place, and the whole span of its history. Here is an excellent example of the type. A fisher boy, by detecting treachery and bravely following it up, helps to save the island for France, and is raised to titles, honors, and finally a happy wedding with the fair lady whom in one episode he has rescued from misfortune. He passes through all the exciting adventures and escapes that any boy or girl could wish to read of, with a resounding medieval battle as a climax. A sense of the real life of the time is held in mind throughout, so that there is true historical value in the book,—supplemented, of course, by the illustrations. The period is toward the end of the Hundred Years' War, and the action takes place within and upon the walls of the Mount, outside on the treacherous quicksands, and among the famous tides, and on the neighboring island of Tombelaine—all scenes that lend a background full of interest to a gallant tale.

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The New *Colophon*

THE COLOPHON: A BOOK COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY. Part Five. New York: The Colophon, Ltd. [March] 1931.

THE COLOPHON has so far justified its existence—and the enthusiasm of its responsible founders—as to set forth on its second year. The year 1930 may have seemed a none too auspicious one in which to launch a bookman's journal—and 1931 indubitably is a much more uncertain time. Yet the success of the quarterly in its first year, and the lamentable lack hitherto of a publication devoted to the quieter phases of book collecting, printed in attractive form, warranted a strenuous effort to maintain the venture. The editorial judgment has been good, it seems to me; but I am not so sure of the wisdom of diversified printing. I find the present number less annoying than some of the former ones have been, but on the whole I believe that a more satisfactory unity might be achieved by having each number printed by one printing-office rather than by having separate articles so printed. However, the present plan does at least avoid monotony—that deadly miasma which afflicts so many magazines in the course of time!

The present number includes contributions on various bookish subjects by Charles W. Chesnutt, Pierce Butler, Theodore Dreiser, William M. Ivins, Jr., Paul Johnston, A. Edward Newton, William A. Kittredge, and Elizabeth Robins Pennell; a dry-point by David B. Milne, and a section on Early Italian Printers' Marks. The printers represented include the Pynson Printers, Canfield & Tack, Marchbanks, Rudge, Printype, Judd & Detweiler, Lakeside Press, Walpole Printing-Office, and the Village Press. There is more homogeneity in the various typographic contributions than has always been the case—at the same time some rather quaint conceits are aired. Tradition is honored by Mr. Chesnutt's article set in Scotch Roman; Mr. Goudy presents his latest type faces as a frame for a reminiscent reprint on Italian printers' marks (which have not in the past lacked attention); Mr. Marchbanks prints Mr. Dreiser's essay in Caslon italic; while for Mr. Ivins's account of Daumier Mr. Rudge has provided a curious lay-out in character with the author's well-known intransigent attitude toward the printing art. Mr. Douglas's arrangement for Mr. Newton's article is perhaps the most interesting as printing. All of the separate formats seem to me on the whole to be bookish—but not so bookish as to be stupid.

Mr. Ivins's "Daumier" is an attempt to restore to favor one of the most skillful of the nineteenth century illustrators. It does not seem to me that Daumier was particularly happy as a designer for the wood block: his style is far too free and required much too much dexterity from the engraver to be really compatible with wood engraving. But as an illustrator and a draftsman he deserves all of Mr. Ivins's encomiums. In the present day of the half-tone and the line block he would have been quite at home—though it is doubtful if the resulting print would have been as charming as the laborious engraved block gives us. And Mr. Ivins's enthusiasms for the illustrated book of the middle of the last century is good to have, for it can never be too strongly emphasized that when the half-tone and the photo-zinc blocks came in, something of charm and value went out of illustration.

Mr. Kittredge's article on Rudolph Ruzicka is a brief but clear account of his productivity, subjoined to which is a useful list of works illustrated by him or about him. Mr. Ruzicka is a solitary figure in American illustration, preserving amidst the hullabaloo of modern design a delicacy and individuality quite uncommon.

The cover design of the current number of the *Colophon* is the best yet achieved—it possesses a fittingness to the purpose which its predecessors have not had. It is from a drawing by Wiliam A. Dwiggins.

R.

Horses

THE GRAND NATIONAL, 1839-1930. By DAVID HOADLEY MUNROE. New York: Huntington Press. 1931.

THIS is a detailed account of the races at Liverpool now known as "The Grand National." Like almost all books dealing with horses, it possesses an interest which no treatise on automobiles, for instance, can ever hope to achieve. As George Borrow has it: "Of one thing I am certain, that the reader must be much delighted with the wholesome smell of the stable . . . how cheering, how refreshing, to come in contact with genuine stable hartshorn." An old horse trader of Western Massachusetts, when endeavoring to sell a none too sound animal, used to give the beast a resounding slap on the rump and remark to the possible buyer: "Yes, sir, he's *all hoss*." So with this book: it is "all hoss." Also, it is sound!

The Grand National—then the Grand Liverpool—steeple chase was first run in 1839. The title has not been uniform, and during the war the race was run at Gatwick, near London. The author calls it the "Blue Riband of Steeplechasing," and if its present sophisticated organization lacks the zest of of its earlier forms (when the riders set off across-lots for the distant steeple of the neighboring parish church), such a race as the Grand National attracts its thousands each year.

The present history of the race is a pretty fine piece of book making. (You remember the story of the great Chicago sport and Alderman, Hincky Dink, who was sent to East Aurora to see the "greatest book-maker in America," and was chagrined to find that the quarry was only a printer!) It has a preface by Mr. William V. C. Ruxton, and a note by Mr. E. A. C. Topham, Clerk of the Aintree Course. There is an excellent historical account of the races, and despite the necessary technical verbiage, the account is highly interesting and entertaining. There is a complete table of statistics.

Typographically the book is all that could be asked for: it has that very decided merit of being well done but not over-done. It is set in leaded Caslon type, and it is amply illustrated with good reproductions, in the aquatone process, of horses, portions of the course, and old prints. There is, too, a map of the Aintree course. There is a complete index. The binding is in cloth, with paper label, and a blind stamp of whip, crop, and jockey cap. In all the difficult details of a well-handled book, this one is attractive and successful.

R.

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Caspar Milquetoast belongs to the ages. There is a touch of *The Timid Soul* in the staunchest heart. The fears and tribulations of our white-moustached and chinless hero are consolingly universal. Come, all ye cravens, ye who are brow-beaten and trampled by hotel clerks, head waiters, barbers, box-office men. . . . Hail, all ye weaklings, ye who cringe before ice-men and traffic-cops. . . . Arise, all ye chicken-livered mortals who Take Signs literally . . . and Turn, all ye worms who Bend Over Backward. . . . Your Day has come. . . . Behold this Pictorial Account of *The Life and Times of Caspar Milquetoast* and enjoy the hilarious thrill of discovering that even the BENITO MUSSOLINIS, the GENERAL CHARLES A. DAWES, the HERBERT BAYARD SWOPES, the GENERAL SMEDLEY BUTLERS and the LUIS ANGEL FIRPOS are brothers under the skin, timid souls even as you and

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THE most original book that we have read for a long time is *John Collier's* "His Monkey Wife, or Married to a Chimp." In fact, it is wholly delightful. We first heard of its merit from *Mitchell Kennerley* and we recently received a copy of the American edition from D. Appleton. The style of the book is masterly, its fantastic central idea beautifully carried out, its humor pervasive and shining, the character of Emily one to be added to the great heroines of fiction as a pattern of high-minded devotion. . . .

Every once in a while one happens upon a volume a few pages of which make one **suddenly exclaim, "Why this person can** *write!*" so thick and turbid is the flood of books that are mere mechanical contraptions, mere facile claptrap of the day. John **Collier can write.** With his tongue in his cheek he can assemble the most delicious sentences and paragraphs and his staid ridiculousness, his smooth mixture of tender sagacity with comedy of the purest quality, his persuasive fancy which takes full advantage of every opportunity of his beautifully satiric theme without a single stumble—these are notable gifts. . . .

By the side of such a book as this the latest light novel by *Michael Arlen*, "Men Dislike Women" (Doubleday, Doran), seems the sort of thing almost anyone could write, in a week or two. Not that Michael Arlen's hand is not practiced, not that his American types are not recognizable, or his story at times engaging. The Great Neck croquet crowd is, indeed, all too familiar. There is a great deal of talk that is a good deal of twaddle. The mind is rapidly filled with fluff by this sort of thing. It is hammock-reading without the hilariousness of *P. G. Wodehouse*. But Mr. Collier's book happens to be literature. . . .

But then we haven't really quite done justice to Mr. Arlen. The latter part of his book, with its Pete Fox, the ex-Mayor, and its lawless Charlie MacRae, finally tightens into quite a good crisis and a rather crackling ending. The trouble is that at that game Mr. Arlen challenges comparison with, for instance, *Scott Fitzgerald's* handling of "The Great Gatsby," and is nowhere beside that masterpiece. . . .

Harper has made a distinguished looking book of *Romain Rolland's* "Goethe and Beethoven." The many full-page sepia plates truly embellish it. *G. A. Pfister* and *E. S. Kemp* have made the translation. It is hardly necessary to say that M. Rolland's analysis is of importance, as it was in "Beethoven the Creator." . . .

If you read *Bill Seabrook's* "The Magic Island," you will remember what he has to say toward the end of it of Wirkus the U. S. Marine who became *King Faustin II* of the island of La Gonave off Haiti. Now comes the full story of this sergeant of Marines on a voodoo island, written by *Faustin Wirkus* himself with the help of *Taney Dudley*. It is one of the books in which truth is rather stranger than fiction, one of the great strange stories of the modern world. It is published by Doubleday, Doran. . . .

We congratulate Farrar & Rinehart upon the acquisition of *Ogden Nash* who this month becomes their Associate Editor. Mr. Nash will still write for *The New Yorker* from time to time. . . .

Vicki Baum, author of "Grand Hotel," will arrive in New York about the first of May en route to Hollywood. . . .

We owe an apology both to *Edmund Wilson* and to *Scribner's* because we spoke of Wilson's volume of criticism for which we cherish a high regard as "Axel's *Garden*," when it should have been "Axel's Castle." How we came to write "Garden" we don't understand. *Mr. Weber* of Scribner's reports, however, that two of the most favorably noticed books on the Scribner list have been confused by correspondents as "This Our Axel," and "Exile's Castle," so we don't feel quite so badly! . . .

An interesting new book we hear about is a new novel by *Dorothy Speare*, called "Shadow Man," which Houghton Mifflin will bring out early in 1932. Having played leading rôles in a score of European opera houses, and done much opera and concert work, Miss Speare has also written four novels and has now announced her retirement from the stage in order to devote her whole attention to writing. And this month Scribner's will publish a new volume of poems by *Max Eastman*, "Kinds of Love." In this book Mr. Eastman will also include all the best poems he cares to preserve from former books. . . .

Speaking as we were just above of the versatile and successful *Ogden Nash*, *R. B. S.* has finally been unable to resist the temptation to burst into song as below. This is the only imitation Nash we shall print, but—

Dear Phoenician:
I think I must be having a premonician
As I sit here in the new Linonia
(Narrow-mindedly furnished with scores of ash-trays, but never a single spitonia),
For I brood with a sensation passional
Over this menace positively Nashional.
Now isn't it really a very considerable menace
That all the scribblers who use 'em are reaching for their fountain penace
To try this new fashing?
Can't you hear millions of typewriter teeth Nashing?
Oh, Ogden, what a rash thing you do of it,
Letting your succulent lines allure in no less than two places simultaneously in one week's Sat. Review of Lit!
And yet it's not folloi
For you to feel sure you can keep ahead of hoi polloi:
Surely the man who can rhyme "calliope . . . diope"
Will always be unanimously awarded the first prize platter of tenderly fried triope. . . .

And speaking as we were of Farrar & Rinehart, they have brought off a clever stunt in bringing out "Gin and Bitters," by *A. Riposte*, "a Novel about a Novelist who writes Novels about other Novelists." It is obvious that the author's name is a pseudonym.

THE PHOENICIAN.

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To readers of THE SATURDAY REVIEW:

Both Mr. Canby and Mr. Morley have mentioned in these pages recently a new book entitled JUAN IN AMERICA, by Eric Linklater. That book has just been published and you should rush out and buy a copy ($2.50). A cable just received from England says that it is a howling success there. Read it and and you'll see why.

J. C. & H. S.

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FICTION

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The Murder by the Arch
by Harold W. Higginson

One of the cleverest of mystery tales. A woman's body is found in a locked room, with key on the inside, on Washington Square. How she came to her death is only a part of the ingenious plot. *$2.00*

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Ale" and weigh it against "Gin and Bitters" in the other hand. This kind of thing gets to be amusing. . . .

We were reading in *Elmer Davis's* "Morals for Moderns" the other night and decided that the first story in the book, "Bachelor Girl," was a remarkably good one. Yes indeed. A real accomplishment in the short story. . . .

Miss Nancy Telfair of Columbus, Georgia, writes us in regard to our late mention of *Mrs. Pyrnelle,* author of that Southern classic for children, "Diddie, Dumps and Tot," that the author's full name was *Louisa Clark Pyrnelle* and that for a while she lived in Columbus, Georgia, where she taught elocution, as they used to call it. "The scenes of the book, as well as another dealing with children and negroes on a large plantation, were laid near here, in Alabama, so they say. She died in 1915 (I am almost sure that's right) in Selma, Alabama. A short sketch is in the 'Library of Southern Literature' edited by *Alderman* of the University of Virginia. Mrs. Pyrnelle was here in the early '80's." . . .

The Macmillan Company announces the resignation of *William H. Murray* of its Religious Books Department. The activities of the Department will be continued under the general supervision of *H. S. Latham,* General Editor of the Trade Book Department. . . .

This year the Harvard University Press brought out one of those Elizabethan poetical miscellanies that followed the famous Tottel's. The one to which we refer is "The Phoenix Nest," 1593, edited now by *Hyder Edward Rollins.* In his introduction we have found remarks of the editor's which we gladly appropriate; to-wit:

> No doubt the popularity of the phoenix in Elizabethan poetry was due largely to Petrarch, who delighted in comparing Laura with that bird, and to the French sonneteers, like Ronsard and Desportes, who continually refer to it. But the mythical bird of Arabia has been more or less of a commonplace in English poetry since the eighth or ninth century, when an anonymous Anglo-Saxon poet translated Lactantius's *Phoenix* as an allegory of Christ. The name *Phoenix Nest* is clever. Possibly it was suggested by the phrase in "The Countess of Pembroke's Love," a poem that concludes Breton's "The Pilgrimage to Paradise" (1592) and that speaks at some length of the phoenix, one passage ending,
>
> *Oh let my soule, beseech her sacred rest,*
> *But in the ashes of the Phoenix nest.*

There, you see, you have our lineage. And without expecting to be believed, we can only remark that at the time we concocted, as we thought, our original title, we had never heard of the Elizabethan miscellany, of *Lactantius,* or of *Breton's* poem. . . .

Overhauling some books the other day we turned up our first Paris edition of the unexpurgated "Sailors Don't Care," by *Edwin M. Lanham.* The book was later brought out over here by Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith in a revised condition. But we shall always prize its first form, and shall continue to believe that this is a book that in the final audit will take a high place in American realistic literature. We are awfully stubborn about it. We know that some people who have seen it don't agree with us. But we always play our hunches fervently. Lanham, whom we know very slightly, is a self-critical young man who is willing to wait for recognition. He doesn't seem to care much that so far good and sincere work of his has not set the river on fire. But if he gets a chance to keep on writing his own stuff we're going to file away the idea that in another ten years he will be the leading American novelist. . . .

Lady Eleanor Smith, the Bobbs-Merrill author who wrote "Red Wagon" and now "Flamenco," wrote "The Story of My Life" at the age of eight in the family hay-loft. "For three days I wrote feverishly, frantically, as one possessed. I spilled much ink and suffered from cramp in the hand. At length, the creative torrent temporarily stemmed, I paused to review this nucleus of my biography. As I read I must frankly admit that my first fine glowing enthusiasm for my own artistic ability suffered its initial reverse. Heaven knows I was indulgently disposed toward my very first literary essay. Nevertheless as I scanned these closely-written pages of self-revelation I soon began to realize, with an indefinable sensation of melancholy, that the story of my life was, without any conceivable doubt, the dullest and dreariest record of eight completely uneventful years ever before committed to paper. I brooded, seated moodily upon a bale of hay." . . .

Thus so many artists begin their throes of creation. And look what happened! at the age of thirteen Lady Eleanor wrote "a somewhat ambitious epic," "The Wilful Curate, a Tragedy in Five Volumes!" . . .

With Spring mignonette,

THE PHOENICIAN.

Books Briefly Described

(Continued from page 718)

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD. By GAMALIEL BRADFORD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $3.50.

Brief studies of public characters: Roosevelt, Wilson, Edison, Ford, Lenin, Mussolini, and Coolidge. Mr. Bradford's well-known volumes in psychological biography have dealt in the past with "men and women long since comfortably dead and buried."

MOUNTAIN HOMESPUN. By FRANCES L. GOODRICH. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1931. $3.

A study of the handicrafts of the Southern Appalachians abundantly illustrated and enriched by rather charming human sketches of the workers, with an appendix on dye plants and the working of the loom.

HIGHWAY INTO SPAIN. By MARCEL AUROUSSEAU. New York: Alfred H. King. 1931. $3.

This is an informal travel book recounting the experiences of the author and an American friend on a tramp through France and into Spain. Readable and picturesque.

SPAIN AND SPANISH AMERICA IN THE LIBRARIES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA. A Catalogue of Books: II. Berkeley, California: Bancroft Library. 1931.

An elaborate and scholarly bibliography.

THE FAMILY. By E. B. REUTER and JESSIE R. RUNNER. New York: McGraw Hill Publishing Co. 1931. $4.

Source material for the study of family and personality. "This book presents more than one hundred selections from the writings of leading investigators and specialists in the study of family life and covers a considerable percentage of the significant work that has been done in the field."

THE MOTHERS. By ROBERT BRIFFAULT. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $4.

A condensation into one volume of Briffault's four-volume study of the matriarchal theory of social origins. The author has taken over from his longer works those portions which he deems of the highest importance and brought them into coördination through abstracting other sections.

THIS NEW YORK OF MINE. By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1931. $3.

A highly personal and flavorsome account of the New York which the editor of *Harper's Bazaar* has loved and explored in its social as well as its physical aspects from the early 'eighties, with its already incredibly "simpler" life, to the present of congested traffic and elaborate functions. Especially in its earlier chapters it is a colorful chronicle, and throughout it is written with agreeable affability.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY ABROAD. By ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1931. $3.50 net.

The chronicle of an American family who spent a year in Paris and its environs, exploring in leisurely fashion the lesser known as well as the more familiar sections. Though an informal narrative, the book contains much specific detail and description.

Juveniles Briefly Described

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF HYMNS. Revell 1931.

This is a collection of hymns which, in addition to the words and the music, contains a large number of illustrations in color and line, by Cicely M. Barker. It brings together those hymns which are most familiar and which the child will doubtless find attractive as music quite aside from their religious purport.

MYSTERY ISLAND. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. Century. 1931. $1.75.

A mysterious theft on Mystery Island off Maine offers fine sport to amateur detectives. This book comes from the reel as expertly as all of Mr. Barbour's, and is clever reading.

THE CHRISTOPHER ROBIN BIRTHDAY BOOK. By A. A. MILNE. Drawings by E. H. SHEPARD. Dutton. 1931. $2.

Every day in the year is someone's birthday. In this typically small and dainty volume, each day has its short quotation from the Christopher Robin books, selected by their author, with a wee drawing apiece from the Shepard pen. A small matter, but pleasing.

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From the Beginning of the REMBRANDT Chapter *in Men of Art... Page 251*

"Rembrandt is the last of the great spiritual explorers. After three hundred years he is closer to the heart of the modern world than any other painter. He is one of us. His passions, his struggles, his sorrows; his unrelenting contentions with the evils of materialism; his renunciation of popular fame and wealth in order to liberate his soul from the hardening demands of money-grubbers; his solitary splendor in a society of passive traders and cheese-mongers—these bear so intimately on the problems of modern life that he seems a man of our own time. But a man of heroic stature, a rock of refuge for those seeking salvation in the storms of vindictive controversy and shallow skepticism.

"Who, weary of the empty turmoil and nervous rapidity of contemporary civilization, has not turned to Rembrandt for consolation? Who, in his honest moments, has not coveted the huge Dutchman's strength of character and ability to abandon himself to his noblest impulses? Who does not know that coarse and kindly face; in youth a little proud and cavalier, in old age seamed and bloated, but monumentally direct and at peace with the world?"

From the INTRODUCTION

"My subject is as old as the human race. Since the dawn of time, men have carved and painted—have moulded material substances into living forms which we call art. And art, being immemorial, is rich beyond measure, so rich indeed that the sum of its achievements is no longer within the grasp of any one mind. My aim then has been to organize and simplify, to reduce speculative and technical problems to the narrowest dimensions, to concentrate on significant movements and outstanding individuals.

"I have limited myself to painting in the Western World, beginning with Giotto and the occidental tradition, and driving a straight course through successive developments down to and including the latest French Modernism and the new mural art of North America. Why some men should draw and paint, while others prefer to buy and sell, I do not know. I have accepted the fact that they do, and have tried to make the most of it."

Book-of-the-Month Club NEWS
Edited by Harry Scherman
March, 1931
Published by the Book-of-the-Month Club
Copyright, 1931
The "book-of-the-month" selected for April is
MEN OF ART
With forty full-page illustrations of famous paintings
By THOMAS CRAVEN
Price $3.00
(This book is a very handsome volume, which the publishers originally intended to get out in a small edition for $6.00. Our own large printing made the price of $3.00 possible, and the publisher, printing jointly with us, will get out his own first edition at that price. His subsequent editions, however, will be smaller, and he has announced to booksellers that the price will then probably be raised to $4.00.)
OUR judges chose Men of Art because they were fascinated by it. Anybody will be, who will get over his first misgiving—that the world of art is a little Eden from which he has been forever barred. A book like this has long been needed. It will do for Art what Will Durant did for philosophy. Perhaps even more successfully, since the great men it deals with—philosophers in their own way—are so much more vivid. Mr. Craven's point of view is that we laymen have been unduly scared by the aesthetes. The chief significance of painting is the human history deposited in it and the ing personality that how always gets d in the pigments. method of giving an ormed appreciation of nting is to tell, with ontinuing background, e stories of its leading gures. And as they ppear one after the other, colorful and extraordinary individuals, every one of the
Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Velasquez, El Greco, Goya, Hogarth, to name but a few—one gets not only a satisfying idea of the development of modern painting, but far more: a moving picture of the richest and most varied human experience. "Oh, brave new world that has such people in it!" That is the feeling—one of delighted discovery—that this book gives. "I wish I could vote for it twice!" said Dorothy Canfield at the judges' meeting; and so she was chosen by them to report upon it to our subscribers. Her report follows:
"Painting is one of mankind's primitive urges. The desire to make and look at pictures is as innate in the human race as the desire to tell stories or to beat on drums and sing rhythmically. There is little to be gained by questioning why such activities should satisfy us. They do. They are a part of us all—Cave-man, Hottentot, Aztec, Hindu.
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MEN OF ART

THOMAS CRAVEN *believes art should be a living thing and should be taken out of the academies and made a part of everyday life. He has brought fresh air into the traditional art controversies through articles in* The American Mercury, The Dial *and other publications. His reputation as a novelist equals his sound standing as a critic.*

FOUR years ago The Inner Sanctum of Simon and Schuster began to seek out the one writer best qualified to shake the dust of the academies and museums from the lives and achievements of the great painters and make them "live and dance and sing."

Virtually all the famous critics and artists consulted by the publishers agreed on one person for this glamorous assignment—Thomas Craven, noted authority on the history of art. Here, they said, was a critic who wrote like a novelist, an expert and scholar who could make the age-long chronicle of "the passion for paint" not only historically and artistically true and significant, but luminously clear, human and exciting.

The publishers said to Thomas Craven:

"We want you to go to Europe, to visit all the museums and galleries, to immerse yourself in the work of the greatest painters, and to write about them in a book to be called *Men of Art*. Tell what makes a great painting immortal, what inner necessity impelled the great men to great achievements, why the men of art ever became Men of Art. We ourselves have long sought in vain for such a work. There must be many thousands like ourselves, footsore and museum-weary, who not only will enjoy this new approach to art, but who profoundly need it."

The manuscript thus projected was finally delivered to the publishers last November. It fulfilled its promise even more vividly, more brilliantly than the publishers had dared to hope. The work was enthusiastically selected as the April choice of The Book-of-the-Month Club. In fact, one of the judges, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, wrote in her report: "I wish I could vote for it twice."

This large book of 540 pages and 40 full-page plates was published to retail for $6.00. Due to the large printing that was made possible by its book club selection, the publishers are instead enabled to offer the first printing, 17,000 copies, at half the price: $3.00.

NOTE: The publishers advise you to get this book from your own bookseller. However, if this is inconvenient, please use the coupon below. It is a big book, which was to have been published at $6.00. Due to the book club choice, the first edition is now on sale at all bookstores at $3.00. If you are not delighted in every way with *Men of Art* the publishers agree to refund the price of the book without obligation.

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